The Nation.

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The Week.

The Monetary Commission, of which ex-Senator Edmunds is chairman, has organized itself in three sub-committees and prepared a list of questions upon which it has solicited the opinions of business and professional men. The list has been sent especially to those who have given attention to the subject in hand and have acquired reputation as instructors therein. It was found impossible within the limited time, and with the means at the disposal of the Commission, to go about the country, hiring rooms and taking testimony like an investigating committee of Congress. Nor is it certain that the best results would be achieved by such means, since all the facts that are needed are within reach at Washington city and are presumably in possession of the members already. A roving commission would be likely to accumulate a great amount of lumber which it could not use, since everybody who has a plan of his own for straightening out the national finances would insist upon being heard orally. Few Americans are without such a plan, and in that fact lies the main difficulty. If questions of public finance were left solely to those who understand them, as is the case in most civilized countries, there would be no monetary question now and no need of a monetary commission. The present Commission does well, therefore, not to expose itself to personal contact with all the cranks who would like to give a public airing to their respective systems.

To the three sub-committees are assigned the three branches of the main subject, viz.: (1) metallic currency; (2) demand obligations of the Government; (3) banking. The first has to deal with the standard of value—to decide whether it shall be gold, or silver, or what is commonly called the double standard, but is really the alternate standard. This will necessarily include the question whether international bimetallism is practicable. The second deals with the outstanding paper greenbacks and Treasury notes of the United States, but not necessarily with the silver certificates—these being merely warehouse receipts for silver dollars held on storage by the Government. As the Government has promised to keep the dollars at par with gold, the certificates will be at par as long as the promise is fulfilled. The third sub-committee deals with bank issues only, but this question is the most complicated of all, and upon its right solution depends the success of the whole investigation.

The degradation in which Bryanism has involved the Democratic party of the nation could not be more vividly illustrated than by the contrast between the State convention in Massachusetts on Tuesday week, which nominated George Fred Williams for Governor, and the gathering of National Democrats which made William Everett a candidate for the same office on Thursday. Williams is a perfect type of the harum-scarum men who have come into control of the "regular" organization; and the noisy convention, which required the intervention of the police to save it from riot, fitly represented the lawless tendencies which Bryanism develops. On the other hand, the gathering of National Democrats included a large number of the men who helped William E. Russell to his three elections as Governor, and it nominated in William Everett a candidate for the same position who would adorn the office. Dr. Everett's address of acceptance and Moorfield Storey's speech as chairman of the convention fully vindicated the policy of those Democrats who cannot support Bryanism and who are equally opposed to modern Republicanism. The Republican State convention, which was sandwiched in between the other two, had nothing to do except to renominate the full ticket of State officials now in place. Gov. Wolcott has made an excellent executive, and his reëlection is, of course, assured. The platform on which he stands says the first good word for Mr. McKinley's attitude towards the civil-service law which has yet come from a Republican convention in any State, commending him for, "under severe pressure for place, not merely maintaining, but wisely extending, the merit system in our civil service." It was, however, unworthy of the gold sentiment of the Bay State to praise him also for "instituting an honest search for honest bimetallism, which an international agreement alone can effect," when there is not an intelligent man in the State but recognizes the humbug of the roving Wolcott-Stevenson-Paine commission.

The significance of the nomination of Gen. Tracy against Seth Low—in fact, the significance of the whole anti-Low movement in the Republican machine—lies in the fact that the corporations which hold city franchises of one kind and another do not want Seth Low, or any man of that stamp, for Mayor. These and other corporations furnish money to the Republican boss to pay for what they call "protection," and the boss distributes it among the politicians who control the nominating conventions. This makes a self-working, self-perpetuating machine, and is the greatest menace to free institutions that exists anywhere in the world to-day. The managers of these corporations say that they must be protected against "strikers" in the Legislature, and that they must buy protection where it can be had. The only question with them is whether it will cost more to buy off the strikers after the Legislature meets or before it is elected. They have tried both ways, and they find the latter cheaper, more reliable, and less troublesome. "Protection," it should be remarked, means anything that they feel the need of. As long as they and the boss are the only ones concerned in defining the word, it may mean whatever they please. If they simply want to be let alone, that is protection. If they want something they do not now possess, or have grabbed it without authority and have been caught red-handed, then protection has one meaning to the public, but another meaning to the grabbers. If they want something that they cannot grab, but which they think they ought to have, then protection has a still different meaning.

The "Henry George movement" took shape on Friday evening, when his acceptance of the nomination for Mayor was received by the Bryan Democrats in convention assembled. Whatever this movement may prove to be in point of numbers, every vote that it musters will be taken from the Tammany ticket. Not one will come from the Gold Democrats, not one from the Republicans, not one from the Citizens' Union. The movement will, therefore, be welcomed by all the other parties except, possibly, the Platt machine, which will find its chances of a post-election deal with Croker dwindling in proportion as Tammany's voting strength is drawn away by the George movement. In a four-cornered fight Mr. Low's chances are decidedly the best.

Few more amazing things have occurred in New York city politics than the sudden appearance of ex-Mayor Grace and Francis M. Scott as parties to a disreputable "deal" with Tammany Hall. We use the term disreputable advisedly, for, if the plan which they undertook had succeeded, it would have involved the delivery in a body of the local oganization of the National or Sound-Money Democracy to Tammany Hall as the price of a Supreme Court Judge nomination for Mr. Scott. That this was the proposition is not our assertion, but that of Mr. Scott's political associates, and it is also his own virtual admission. Its success was thwarted by the refusal of the honest and self-

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respecting men in the organization to submit to such a base betrayal. If Tammany had nominated a decent municipal ticket, the proposal might have been defended on reasonable party grounds, but, coming as it does on the heels of Van Wyck's nomination, there is absolutely nothing to say for it. It will fail, we have no doubt, utterly and overwhelmingly, when the organization reassembles this week. The Brooklyn section of the National Democracy has taken the only course which, as reputable men, the members of the party everywhere can take—that is, to declare in favor of Mr. Low. What excuse is there for delay? We know what Tammany proposes and we know what Platt proposes. We know also what Mr. Low stands for. Either the National Democracy is in favor of honest government or it is against it, and the member of it who desires more time in which to make up his mind is seeking something quite other than nonpartisan government.

It is not the least of the encouraging elements in the situation in this city that Tammany will be virtually without advocacy of its cause in the local press, provided, of course, that the old Tammany *Sun* does not return to its first love when it shall be forced to the alternative of doing that or favoring honest government. No newspaper of any character or influence is in favor of the restoration of Croker and Sheehan, and this absence of support will be a serious loss in the campaign. In fact, we begin to see already how great a change has been wrought in public sentiment during the past few years in regard to municipal government. It is a much more difficult thing now than it ever was before for a newspaper or a politician of character or a citizen of repute to take sides with Tammany Hall, especially when Tammany Hall does not think it necessary to put on an appearance of decency. As the campaign advances, we shall have more evidence of this kind, for every day's discussion will make the issue clearer. It is not conceivable that there is in the enlarged city a majority of voters who are willing, when the choice is laid so plainly before them, to select the worst possible kind of government in place of the best.

The Pennsylvania courts continue to annul laws passed by the Legislature on the ground of their obvious unconstitutionality. The last act thus overthrown was a particularly flagrant attempt to tamper with the ballot law. It provided that the name of any candidate should not appear more than once upon the ballot to be voted at any election. The practical effect of such a restriction, as has already been illustrated, would be to prevent the Democrats of Philadelphia from putting their judicial candidates on their ticket because the Republicans had been before them in nominating the same men, and to debar the Democrats of Schuylkill from renominating and having on their ticket a judge of their own party because the Republicans had renominated him first. The absurdity and injustice of such a provision are obvious, and it is most fortunate that the courts find it as obnoxious to the Constitution as it is to common sense and fair play.

Senator Morrill begins the publication in the *Forum* of some "Notable Letters" which he has received from public men. He includes a few written on the tariff in 1860-'62 by Henry C. Carey. The tariff of those days was of pre-historic simplicity and moderation, compared with the tariff as we now know it, but even then one thing was needed which is needed now. "Nothing less than a dictator," wrote Mr. Carey in 1860, "is required for making a really good tariff. Would to Heaven you or I could fill the place for a week!" The tariff-dictators have greatly increased and multiplied since those idyllic days. Not all of them are in Congress—many do their dictating by telegraph, many on manufacturers' letter-heads, some from Wall Street. Latest developments, however, look as if even the dictator would have to yield to the thimble-rigger in tariff-making. Mr. Nimmo informs us that "as much true Americanism" was put into section 22 of the Dingley bill as is to be found "in all the other sections of the act combined." Yet this true Americanism was not put into the bill by a dictator, but by a midnight trick, a juggler legislator. Thus a new era in tariffs opens before us. We still need a dictator to make Congress vote, but we need also a head trickster to manipulate in secret the bill which Congress passes without knowing what it is.

The interest which moves the Government to let the decree of foreclosure in the Union Pacific Railroad case, which has been entered in the United States Circuit Court, stand undisturbed, lies in the fact that the Government needs the money. It makes a difference of nearly $46,000,000 in a pinch whether the decree of foreclosure is allowed to stand or whether an appeal is taken. Considering the dreadful botch, or series of botches, which Congress has made in its attempts to deal with this problem, it must be regarded as a piece of extraordinary good luck to the present Administration that its predecessor took the responsibility of coming to a settlement with the insolvent company. Instead of leaving matters to drift, thereby prolonging litigation and multiplying lawyers' fees and other expenses, and perhaps dismembering the property altogether, the terms of a decree of foreclosure were agreed upon, without attempting, however, to prevent the McKinley Administration from reopening the question by appealing to the Supreme Court if it should elect to do so. The matter was left in such shape that if Mr. McKinley's Attorney-General does nothing, the sum of $46,000,000 will presently drop into the Treasury, and the Government will be relieved of something which has been a nuisance to it for a great many years. Moreover, Congress will be relieved of a problem which it has shown itself incapable of solving, and the country will be spared a future torrent of words from Senator Morgan of Alabama.

If Neal Dow, who died on Saturday at a great age, had died thirty or thirty-five years ago, he might have departed with the comforting conviction that he had discovered the most effective way to repress the liquor traffic. For some time after "the Maine law" went into operation, it was possible for a sanguine believer in the policy of State prohibition to claim that legislation would cure the evil. For many years past, however, the veteran champion of this system has been forced to admit that the law was openly violated in the cities and large towns, and that each new Legislature must pass some more rigorous statute on the subject, only to find that this had failed as badly as its predecessors. The fact is now confessed by all candid residents that prohibition as a State measure is an utter failure, and that Maine would be far better off with a local-option system, under which towns opposed to the liquor traffic could forbid it, and those where it flourishes would impose a proper tax or license fee.

Advocates of Hawaiian annexation are much relieved to hear that the Sugar Trust has withdrawn its opposition to the treaty. Just how the thing has been arranged is not clear; but simultaneously in Honolulu and San Francisco it is announced that, somehow, Spreckels has been "squared," the island planters have been let into the "deal," and now all is clear sailing. If this is so, we shall expect the Senate to return at once to its high moral plane in discussing annexation. There was, for a time, a mercenary tinge to the debate, which must have pained Senators—there was much talk of the selfish opposition of beet-sugar growers and sugar refiners, and hints that there would be something substantial "in it" for certain Western Senators if they could beat the treaty. It is well if all this is now removed from the debate, and if it can again dwell upon the lofty morality of 3,000 aliens giving away the territory and sovereignty of 97,000 natives and residents. We are glad also to see that Senator Morgan is already in the field with the argument from high naval strategy. He knows now beyond a peradventure just how

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the great circles and the radii cut the Hawaiian islands, for he has been there himself and had his foot right on the intersection.

Those who expect any great change in the Cuban situation from the accession of a Liberal ministry in Spain would do well to recall certain facts. One is that the present Cuban rebellion broke out under a Liberal Prime Minister—under Sagasta himself—and that he was doing his best to put it down with a hard hand when he fell from power in 1895. Another is that the "reforms" for Cuba again promised are not likely to appease discontent now, after two years' fighting, any more than they did when first offered by Sagasta three years ago, before there had been any fighting at all. Nothing showed more clearly the refractory nature of this insurrection than the fact that it broke out right on the heels of a vote by the Cortes of the largest measure of self-government ever offered by Spain to a colony. Since then even more extensive concessions in the line of home rule have been proposed by the Conservative Government, but have had no effect in diminishing the intensity or cruelty of the war in Cuba. That sore, evidently, cannot now be poulticed by a grant of autonomy. Furthermore, the change of political leadership in Spain cannot have altered the policy which Mr. McKinley and his advisers have determined upon in respect to Cuba. That policy, whatever it is, was deliberately adopted weeks ago, and Gen. Woodford's instructions were framed, not for this Prime Minister or the other, not for Conservative or Liberal government as such. They cannot be changed, as, indeed, it is announced from Washington that they will not be, by Sagasta's return to power.

While the new Spanish cabinet has not the names of some of the abler Liberals who it was supposed would have portfolios, it seems to be strong at the critical points. The new Minister for Foreign Affairs is not, it is true, a man known for commanding ability, but in any case Sagasta would have to be his own Minister for Foreign Affairs, as Cánovas was before him. But his Minister for the Colonies, Señor Moret, who will have to look after the vexing details of Cuban and Philippine affairs, is a Liberal of distinguished services and great influence. Both he and Sagasta have lately exposed themselves to the charge of being unpatriotic by severely criticising the policy of the Conservatives in foreign affairs, and by asserting that, despite the official reports, matters were going badly in Cuba and the Philippines. How truly do such utterances look to a change of policy, now that the Liberals are in power? Or did they simply indicate a wish to gain power? That the latter was the case, to a considerable extent at least, Spaniards themselves, when talking not for publication, will not deny. But the greatest difficulties in the way of a real change of policy respecting Cuba are, of course, the pride of the Spanish people, and the fatal inertia of the administrative and military machine.

A correspondent of the London *Times* makes some illuminating comments on Gov. Smith's proposal to use the permission given in the act of 1844 to the Bank of England to hold part of its reserve in silver. He shows from Sir Robert Peel's speeches when introducing the bill in 1844, and in amending it in 1848, that what Peel had in mind was the possibility at that time of liquidating obligations to France profitably in silver, owing to the fact that, under the French bimetallic law, silver was now and then overvalued in Paris. Peel wished the Bank of England, in short, to be able to get the benefit of this whenever it happened. Another reason Peel assigned was, that it might be well to have a stock of silver ready for shipment to the East, especially India. Of course, this is now totally unnecessary. Dealers stand ready at a hundred points to ship silver by telegraph to anybody who is foolish enough to want more of it. In fact, it would appear that Mr. Smith never took the trouble to look up the original reason of the permission to keep some silver in reserve. The conditions have totally changed. There is no profit to be made on the Continent by sending silver over. If anybody now sees silver coming to him instead of gold, he tries to make his escape, and the Bank's keeping it in reserve is about as necessary as keeping copper and iron would be.

The Greeks find the treaty concluded by the Powers, over their heads, fixing the amount of damages they have to pay for the fun of making war on the Turks, and creating foreign control of their finances, too much for their stomachs. On its submission to the Boulé, not for ratification, but for approval, confidence in the ministry was refused by a vote of 90 to 30, and Mr. Ralli's resignation followed. The treaty has made the situation a little better than it was, but not much. The money has still to be paid, and the Turk has agreed to leave Thessaly a month after he gets it. But if anything about the Turk can be learnt from experience, he will not leave Thessaly. He was bound far more solemnly than he is now—for he had to face Gladstone and Bismarck—in 1881 to give Thessaly to Greece, and he agreed to do so; but he did not do so until Gladstone got ready to use force. There is no Gladstone now, or Bismarck either, and if the Turk leaves Thessaly until somebody threatens or attacks him, he will do what he has never done before. Turkish territory has never been ceded except under the guns of a conqueror, and we greatly fear the Greeks may pay their money long before they get Thessaly. The Sultan is sure to find some excuse for not evacuating, and he will then wait to see whether he is going to be compelled; but who will undertake the job of compelling him? Jingoes have done much mischief in their day, but we doubt if anywhere else they have brought so much ruin on a community as they have brought on Greece. When the Powers met to consider the case of Crete, autonomy and the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison would doubtless have come before long, and then annexation to Greece would probably have soon followed, for nobody would have interfered to prevent it. But the Athenian Jingoes felt that, without a war, the national character would run down. So, like true Jingoes, without stopping for a moment to count the cost, they rushed into the field, and were broken like spray on the bayonets of the silent and resolute Ottomans. The crisis is pitiful and it is not over.

The prosecution of the Frankfort *Zeitung* for *lèse-majesté* in criticising the course of Emperor William is one of the most daring steps yet taken in the campaign for the suppression of free speech in Germany. It may be Bismarck's turn next, or that of his personal organ, the Hamburg *Nachrichten;* they have certainly made some dangerous suggestions lately that the Emperor was not absolutely all-wise and infallible. But it is gratifying to observe that the German people are not going to lie down tied hand and foot and gagged under the boot-heels of their swashbuckling Kaiser. The sharper the policy of repression, the more ominous the rumblings in all parts of the empire. All observers agree that political unrest in Germany is reaching a dangerous pitch. Prof. Rheinhold of the University of Berlin lately said with truth: "Things have come to such a pass that almost everybody in Germany belongs to the Opposition." All this is, of course, water for the mill of the Social Democrats. But the Liberals, too, are beginning to bestir themselves. They lately held a meeting at Nuremberg, where the liberalism of the North, led by Richter, struck hands with the discontented and almost revolting South Germans. The choice of Nuremberg for the place of gathering was significant, as was explained by one of the speakers, Herr Schmidt, a member of the Reichstag. He said:

"Nuremberg showed, some centuries ago, how vengeance is taken upon robber barons. In that good fight it was not the peasant but the lord who was crushed to powder. In the city hall, where lately banqueted a company of princes, one reads the inscription: 'Suprema lex salus populi.' Let us adopt this motto, for the council of Nuremberg, which caused it to be placed there, was itself also an authority by divine right!"

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ANNEXATION, HAWAIIAN STYLE

We have received the full press report of the proceedings of the Hawaiian Senate on September 8 and 9 in ratifying the treaty of annexation. An impartial summary of the reports, speeches, and acts should be of interest to Americans, whose part in annexing remains to be played. It will at least help to dispel some illusions.

The Hawaiian Senate was summoned in extra session on September 8, for the sole and express purpose of ratifying the treaty. On September 6 a mass-meeting of anti-annexationists was held in Honolulu, and adopted resolutions, of which the more important were the following:

"Whereas, The native Hawaiians and a large majority of the people of the Hawaiian Islands have been in direct opposition to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States of America; and,

"Whereas, The native Hawaiians and a large majority of the people of these islands have fully believed in the independence and free autonomy of these islands and in the continuation of the government of Hawaii as of a free and independent country governed by and under its own laws; therefore, be it

"Resolved, We, who in mass-meeting assembled on the 6th day of September, A. D. 1897, at the city of Honolulu aforesaid, for ourselves, and for and on behalf of the people of Hawaii, as well as for the large majority of the people of the Hawaiian Islands, earnestly protest against the annexation of Hawaii to the United States of America in any form or shape."

The next day, September 7, a committee of fifteen, mostly natives, waited upon the President and cabinet to lay this protest before him. President Dole said he was sorry the resolutions had not been brought to him "several days ago," for then he "might have had more time to think about it." As it was, there was the Senate called to meet the next day, and the "time for consideration was very short." The Government was there "to look after the rights of the people," and it was certainly "right for the people to express their views." Then he shook hands cordially with the committee, and, after the Attorney-General had said how glad he was, too, to "have the people express their views," that part of annexation was safely and satisfactorily over.

The natives, nevertheless, lodged their protest with the Senate committee on foreign relations. But that body pointed out in a special report that the protest was evidently intended to prevent the President and cabinet from giving their approval to the treaty. The President and cabinet had, however, already approved the treaty, so that the protest was evidently not in order. Besides, the committee were "firmly and sincerely of the opinion that, in refusing to ratify the treaty, we would not be acting for the benefit more especially of the native Hawaiians." It was clear, therefore, that the natives were protesting "on the grounds of sentiment," and the only thing to do with their protest was to lay it on the table, which was done by unanimous vote.

Then came up the main report of the committee advocating ratification. This was argued for on the explicit ground that "the experiences of recent years have shown that, under the changed conditions which have resulted from circumstances beyond human control, good government cannot be permanently maintained in these islands without aid or assistance from without." Furthermore, the committee was convinced that from "the benefits received" and "to be received," the United States was the government to which "we must turn for assistance of every kind." It had been through the "agency of Anglo-Saxon civilization" that "progressive institutions" had been established in Hawaii, and it was "for the benefit of all" that these institutions should be maintained.

In the debate on the report, Senator Brown said that he had long been against annexation, but latterly had "grown satisfied that the salvation of the country and the people was to be obtained through annexation." Moreover, in addition to salvation, "prosperity" was to be obtained, and therefore he was prepared to vote for ratification "with pleasure." Senator McCandless followed, asserting that annexation was a "vital necessity," and that the Hawaiians opposed it "through mere sentiment," most strangely not giving a thought "to the prosperity which will be theirs." Senator Schmidt also said he favored the treaty, and then the debate was about to close; further remarks might have excited the fear in Speaker Reed's bosom that the Hawaiian Senate is a deliberative assembly. But an untimely interruption came from Minister Damon of the Finance Department. He rose and said:

"I understand that the adoption of the report of the committee carries with it all the views expressed therein, and these views naturally will be made public through the press of the United States. As a Hawaiian, one who has been identified with the government since its inception, I cannot agree with the committee in saying that good government cannot be maintained in the Hawaiian Islands unless we have support from without. In that expression we are tacitly admitting that we are unfit to become a part of the great republic across the sea. In view of the events of the past four years, in view of the support given the Government by men of all classes at the time when its safety was threatened, and in view of the fact that the Government of Hawaii has grown steadily stronger since its formation, and in view of the reports that have been sent abroad as to the strength of our position, I say that in the adoption of that clause of the report we would be stultifying ourselves. I believe it unwise to endorse that part of the report. It is one of the statements so often made in the opposition press, and the one which our friends have so strenuously denied in our behalf."

In a similar vein spoke the Attorney-General and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But they were roughly put down by the impatient Senators. Senator Baldwin said: "Things have been getting worse here on the islands for the past few years, and that is what has made me an annexationist." Senator Brown remarked: "The Minister of Finance is wrong; no form of government, monarchical or republican, can thrive under that flag [the Hawaiian], and for that reason, I say, we want the United States to take us." There being "no other remarks," the motion to ratify was put and carried unanimously.

The situation was described the next day by the *Hawaiian Gazette*, the faithful organ of the missionaries and of annexation, in language which we commend to the attention of our ardent annexationists. Of "the native," the *Gazette* says that he "looks with simple, childlike thought, dazed and perhaps wondering at it [annexation], as if it were a strange, mysterious act." The part-Hawaiians, "innocent victims of the contact, almost criminal, of the stronger and weaker races," naturally "take a wider vision." They hear "the rough voices of the aggressive race coming over the sea"; this makes them "pathetic." The Chinese look upon annexation as bringing them "further humiliations." The Japanese see in it something which will "cripple their commerce, and prevent their freedom of travel and residence." "The intelligent Portuguese" think annexation will give them "a large share in the local government." The "few remaining missionaries see in it the wheels of the juggernaut of modern progress passing over the little autonomy which they labored to create and preserve." The only thoroughly satisfied element of the population is, according to the *Gazette*, "the recent Anglo-Saxon"; and he is satisfied because he sees in annexation "a firmer footing for the god of the world, gold," and because he beholds "a writing over every mountain and valley side, 'Good Business Chances Here.'"

The only comment we have to make at present on this story of annexation, Hawaiian style, is that this "republic" which now offers itself to the United States, "unfit" and "stultified" in the language of its own Minister of Finance, is, on the face of it, a sham republic, a confessed fraud and failure. Less than 3,000 of the "recent Anglo-Saxon" are pretending to have a right, and are brutally exercising it, to dispose of the lives and fortunes of 25,000 Japanese, 24,000 Chinese, 15,000 Portuguese, 40,000 Hawaiians. And they are doing it under the proud device, "Good Business Chances Here"!

MR. NORTH ON THE TARIFF.

A very remarkable explanation and defence of the Dingley tariff law is that which is published by Mr. S. N. D. North, Secretary of the Wool Manufacturers' Association. Mr. North served as Secretary of the Senate committee on finance during the preparation of the Senate bill in the last session of Congress, so that his views and utterances

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may be regarded as semi-official and as expressing the general sense of the committee. Further, as a good and even extreme protectionist, Mr. North may be looked to for a defence of the protective features of the new tariff law, a task for which his experience with the committee eminently fitted him. We cannot do better than to summarize his article, generally using his own words.

The feature of the Dingley tariff which chiefly distinguishes it from prior tariffs is its "especial care" for the crude products. Hence the duties on foods, fibres, minerals, crude substances of any and every sort. The farmer has received a good share of the good things. "There was nothing asked in behalf of the farmer, in the way of increased rates, which was not given to him." And after reading Mr. North's article we conclude that nothing in the form of protection asked by the manufacturers was denied. Everywhere the demands met with favor, and duties of prohibition were granted in many cases. "The silk schedule is particularly severe in its application to the very light fabrics of Japanese origin which have recently so troubled our domestic manufacturers. They will have no trouble from them hereafter."

In the cotton schedule there was a contest over the duties on yarns, the manufacturers of finer fabrics claiming that they could not obtain the necessary yarns in this country. They wished moderate duties on the higher counts; but "the spinners insisted that they can and will make all numbers required; and they finally had their way about it." So in the textile fibre schedule a like difference of opinion arose. The manufacturers of linens, who are in a position to know, declare that there can be found in this country no flax suitable for spinning the yarns required for the linen-thread industry. On the other hand, individuals and associations in great numbers "renewed their promises of 1890 that they can and will, under adequate protection, raise as fine a fibre as comes from any part of the world." The higher duties on the raw fibres would have led to increased rates on manufactured linens; but a further increase was made on the plea that the "extraordinary increase of cotton mills in the South has resulted in a production of cotton cloth that exceeds the consuming powers of the people"; and, to save themselves, a few New England mills were experimenting upon linens. Hence the duties on fine linen yarns were lowered and those on linen cloths were raised—a different policy from that pursued in cotton yarns. Mr. North doubts whether adequate results will follow. Linen mills will not be built, but cotton looms will be superseded by linen looms. But "it is a well-known fact that even in the countries where the linen manufacture has flourished for centuries, it shows a steady tendency to decline. Linen feels the stress of the closer and closer competition of cotton, just as the wool manufacturer feels it." As to burlaps, Mr. North makes a curious admission. "If Dundee can make burlaps in competition with Calcutta, and without any duty, the United States can make them in competition with both, under a protection sufficient to cover the difference in labor-cost." Mr. North might explain why his doctrine of labor-cost works only in regard to the United States, and not in the competition of Dundee with Calcutta. The duties on ramie fabrics are "a recognition of the birth of a new textile industry"—somewhat prematurely, it may be thought.

Naturally, it is with the woollen schedule that Mr. North is most explicit. The manufacturers, he states, asked less, and have received less, protection from Congress in comparison with the other industries. They were in favor of free wool, and had derived great and peculiar advantages from the repeal of the wool duties by the law of 1894; but they were overborne by the demands of wool-growing States. In fact, the extravagant expectations of this wool-growing interest to exact prohibitory duties on foreign wools were defeated only by the belief that such duties would "shipwreck" the cause of protection. As it is, the wool-growers have secured higher all-round rates than had been given them by either house, acting separately. With a tinge of sarcasm, Mr. North adds: "It is due to their special representatives in both houses of Congress to say that the interests of the wool-growers were cared for with consummate ability from first to last."

As to the rates on raw wools, they are "relatively higher than those of the McKinley law at the time of its passage, and higher, in their ad-valorem equivalents, than under any previous tariff in our history." The carpet-manufacturers especially have made a fortunate escape, as their interests at one time were seriously threatened through the unreasonable demands of the wool-growers. Can it be that the eminent leader of the wool-growers, Judge Lawrence, is intended when Mr. North speaks of the "constant presence in Washington of professional mischief-makers, seeking to curry favor with wool-growers for business purposes, who devoted their time to the dissemination of misleading and false information on this subject"?

Nor was it by rates of duty only that the manufacturers claim to have suffered. Since 1867 the classification of wools has been by "blood" and not by use. Now the symmetry of that classification has been destroyed, and some wools, without a trace of merino blood, have been transferred from the carpet to the clothing class. This was done to appease the claims of the growers that carpet-wools were used in higher manufactures, to the exclusion of the better and more expensive grades. The duties on waste, shoddy, rags, and flocks "were all fixed in the interests of the wool-growers, and the manufacturers had nothing whatever to say about them." Yet these many changes have produced a scheme of duties satisfactory neither to wool-growers nor to manufacturers. The latter are disposed to make the best of the situation, and look forward hopefully to the future. It is not stated whether carpet-wools will be raised in this country under the new rates—a point of some importance. In the past they have not, and it is hardly possible the sheep will change their coats to conform to tariff rates.

It would be interesting to follow Mr. North in his detailed study of the woollen schedule, but too much space would be required to make the matter intelligible. This may be said, that in few cases have the consumer's interests been considered, and in nearly every item the highest attainable rate of duty has been imposed. If the wool-grower seems insatiate, the wool-manufacturer has been amply compensated for the new wool duties, and does not appear in any more moderate light than the grower. It is with complacency that Mr. North views the results, and expresses his belief that "it will be found in practical operation to be the most perfect woollen schedule which has ever been enacted." When to high rates of duty is added a provision authorizing appraisers to take the market value of the goods in the United States as a basis of value—the home as distinguished from the foreign value—it does seem as if the manufacturer had reason to be satisfied.

It is another example of the ingratitude of republics that, after this defence of the wool schedule of the Dingley tariff, Judge Lawrence, the First Consul of the Ohio wool-growers, publishes a letter protesting against the appointment of Mr. North as superintendent of the census, and saying, too, that "President McKinley cannot afford to make an appointment so objectionable to wool-growers." This means that, if he does appoint Mr. North, the wool-growers will knife him on the first opportunity.

THE IOWA CAMPAIGN.

If a modern Diogenes were seeking a man among the Republican leaders the present year, he would have a troublesome search, but his diligence would not be wholly in vain. One such would be found in the person of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, Republican candidate for Governor of Iowa. This gentleman has declared himself for the gold standard without any ifs or buts. Not only so, but he has made the most effective speech for the gold standard that has been made this year in this or any other

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country. We can recall nothing in the literature of the subject more convincing than his speech at Red Oak on Saturday week. In the discussions of the money question which have been so profuse and diffuse during the past quarter of a century, there has been an intense craving for simplicity and clearness of exposition, and the most successful writers, speakers, and pamphleteers have been those who have succeeded best in bringing these subjects to the comprehension of untrained minds. In this endeavor Mr. Shaw has succeeded so well that we must conclude not only that he has a perfect understanding of the rather abstruse subject in hand, but that his reasoning powers in general are of a high order. We shall give our readers a few examples of Mr. Shaw's quality.

That one of the hardest things to define is a standard of value we have seen by many ineffectual attempts to define it. Perhaps the most dismal of all was that of the Supreme Court of the United States in the legal-tender cases, where we were told by the mouth of Mr. Justice Strong that there is no such thing as a standard of value, but that "value is an ideal thing." Mr. Shaw thinks differently, and he puts his opinion in the condensed paragraph which follows:

"What is meant by a money standard? As we have seen, each standard coin is worth the material of which it is composed. By gold standard is simply meant that the value of our dollar is determined in a definite amount of gold, and not in a certain amount of silver, or copper, or brass, or iron, or lead. There is no reason why a United States dollar has its present purchasing power except the fact that the standard dollar contains a fixed amount of gold. Had the framers of our monetary system seen fit to put 12.9 grains of standard gold in a dollar, the purchasing price would be one-half of what it is now. The word dollar divorced from its associations means nothing. We come to know its value when we associate it with its purchasing power, and its purchasing power is determined by the value of the material of which the standard dollar is composed."

Mr. Shaw had previously referred to the silver dollars and shown how they were kept at par by the limitation of their quantity and by the action of the Treasury, paying a high compliment to the ex-Secretary, Mr. Carlisle, for his public declaration that he would redeem the silver dollar in gold if it should be necessary in order to prevent its depreciation. In connection with this, Mr. Shaw came perilously near to the line of Mugwumpery, saying that he had no sympathy with that school of politics which denounces everything that the opposition does, whether good or bad, and supports everything that its own party does, whatever its evil effect.

The assertion often made in our political campaigns, that there is not gold enough to do the world's business, finds an equally brief, complete, and convincing answer in Mr. Shaw's speech, to wit:

"How much gold is needed to do our business? Just enough for convenience in measuring and determining the value of our currency; enough for redemption purposes and *enough to accommodate those who desire to* hoard it. How many fifty-pound standard weights, such as is used on the large class of scales for weighing stock and produce, is it necessary to have? They are used to balance the scales and to keep the pound and ton from fluctuating. Just enough of these weights are essential to accommodate the business. Your cattle will weigh no more if the weighmaster have two or a dozen of these standard weights than if he has one. It is essential that he have one, and that this one is of the same weight as those in the market where you bought your cattle. If this weight fluctuates you will not be safe in buying cattle in one town and selling them in another."

Equally clear and cogent was Mr. Shaw's refutation of the oft-repeated charge that the banks have an interest in making money scarce in order to oppress debtors and obtain high rates of interest. He showed that exactly the opposite condition was essential to the prosperity of a bank, because plenty of money implies large deposits. If its profits depended on its own capital, it could make more money for itself by not being a bank. A bank is obliged to keep 25 per cent. of its capital unused in its own vaults, whereas an ordinary money-lender can make all of his capital earn interest all the time. In order to be on as good a footing as a private money-lender a bank must have deposits—the more the better. But deposits always shrink when money is scarce. The shrinking of the deposits is the very thing that makes a tight money market. Therefore, the banks have no motive to make money scarce, even if they could do so.

In his broad view of the philosophy of life Mr. Shaw is equally strong and sincere. Compare, for instance, the following paragraph with the blatherings of Bryan, Watson, and Coxey:

"All that any party, or any standard, or any legislation can do is to see to it that every man has an open field and a fair fight. It cannot exempt him from the fight. Fight he must, and the best that the Government can do is to see to it that no one strikes below the belt. From the beginning of *time to the present and to the end of time* those who earn and save will have, and those who refuse to earn or fail to save will come in empty. . . . We look at our child in the cradle, or our boy coming to manhood, and tremble at the consciousness that he must go into this relentless conflict, where every man is selfish, and win or lose, on his own merits. To the utmost of its ability let the Government protect him and see that he has fair play. While we do all this, we must demand that he enter the ring, put on the gloves, and stand up like a man."

In such wholesome ideas as these, when they find expression in the mouths of candidates for high office, rests the security for free institutions. We welcome Mr. Shaw's speech as a sign of courage in a State where that quality is much needed.

BLACKSTONE.—I.

To the ordinary reader old books are unknown books, and he may, if he choose, find in them the charm of novelty. It is at any rate worth while occasionally to take up some work which has instructed or charmed our forefathers, and, reading it in the free-and-easy spirit which we apply to the publications of to-day, try to estimate its real worth. Of few books does this remark hold more true than of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' They are known by name to every one; they have supplied to successive generations the current truisms or platitudes on the subject of the English Constitution; portions of the 'Commentaries' are read by every student of English law, and 'Blackstone's Commentaries' constitute the one law-book which has become a part of the literature of the English people. Yet it is common knowledge that the Commentator does not now command anything like the veneration which at one time surrounded him. It is an ordinary and in one sense a true saying that we need a new 'Commentaries on the Law of England'; and though you will with difficulty find a modern work on the history or the theory of English law in which Blackstone's name is not mentioned, his most ardent admirers must confess that the references to the 'Commentaries' more often take the form of criticism than of eulogy, and that of recent times jurists and historians are apt to treat Blackstone mainly as the propounder of legal fallacies or the perverter of legal history. But the criticism or detraction of to-day is still overbalanced by the appreciation of a former generation. The admiration of Mansfield, of Burke, and of Gibbon cannot go for nothing, and none but the rashest of critics will venture to disdain an author who is never mentioned otherwise than with profound respect by Story, and whose work, it is said, first aroused the enthusiasm for law in the mind of Kent. It is, then, no waste of time if we attempt to fix Blackstone's true position in the English world of letters.

How does it happen that Blackstone is now depreciated, not to say underrated?

A partial answer to this inquiry is found in the statement, which is true though paradoxical, that the real Blackstone is rarely read even by professional lawyers. The practical utility of his work, and the reputation which it at once achieved, have detracted from Blackstone's permanent fame. The original book, which derives half its charm from its literary perfection, has of necessity become obsolete as a statement of existing law. Hence it has been edited and re-edited, and altered and realtered, till it has been, as a work of letters, completely spoiled, and the students who think themselves to be reading Blackstone are in reality reading a treatise about as like the original 'Commentaries' as would be an edition of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' which should have been not only edited but to a great extent rewritten, first by Milman and then by Merivale, and then should have been overloaded with an infinity of notes added by authors of very inferior quality. We may, indeed, say that, in England at any rate, Blackstone's 'Commentaries' have been transformed into Stephen's 'Commentaries,' and that this transformation has been a public calamity; it has spoiled the work of two men of equal but of very dissimilar genius. Serjeant Stephen did not possess the literary gifts of Blackstone, the Commentator was deficient in the lucid precision and the logical acumen of his editor. The literary beauty of the 'Commentaries' vanished under the attempt to import into them a precise statement of the whole law of England which Blackstone never in-

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tended to provide for the students to whom he addressed his lectures, while the time and power spent by Serjeant Stephen on the rewriting of the celebrated 'Commentaries' might, if more happily employed, have supplied us with such a logical analysis of the law of England as could have been produced by the author of the celebrated 'Treatise on Pleading,' and could, in his day at least, have been produced by no one else. The first step to be taken by any one who wishes to appreciate Blackstone's genius is to read the 'Commentaries' as Blackstone wrote them, and, if possible, to read them unencumbered even by the notes of subsequent editors.

But even when the 'Commentaries' are studied in their original shape, it will soon become apparent to a candid reader that Blackstone's fame has suffered from his own defects or peculiarities. He is not an original thinker; his constitutional dogmas, for example, are taken from Locke and Montesquieu, and are not improved in the borrowing. He is not a subtle logician. His knowledge of Roman Law, to which he not infrequently refers, is superficial and not particularly accurate. He is a well-informed and competent English lawyer, but he does not rank among the writers, such as Coke, who may be cited as "authorities"; he is said not to have raised his reputation by his decisions as a judge, and since his time there have lived many lawyers and judges who have surpassed him both in legal learning and in logical acumen. His style, which excited the admiration of his contemporaries, and which would have been commended by Johnson, does not happen to suit the taste of to-day, though it must be left an open question whether it be Blackstone's style or modern taste which is at fault. His general way, moreover, of looking at the world, his dignified and complacent optimism, is strangely opposed to the sentiment no less of modern democrats than of modern conservatives. We are divided from Blackstone by the gulf of the French Revolution; and whoever wishes to measure the width and nature of this division cannot better attain his object than by investigating the difference between the tone of Blackstone and the tone of every modern writer on politics or sociology.

The main cause, however, of the comparative discredit into which the 'Commentaries' have fallen is that Blackstone, from his very celebrity no less than from some of his defects, became the object of attack to two different and opposed schools of thinkers.

To the Benthamites, Blackstone was from the first an object of detestation. Bentham, indeed, heard the lectures which formed the bases of the 'Commentaries,' but he must soon have detected that he was opposed to his teacher both in his methods and in his aims. The celebrated 'Fragment on Government' is the boldest and most trenchant critique ever published by a young man on the doctrines propounded by a writer of the highest reputation, which were accepted as profound truths by the educated world of the day; and though the 'Fragment on Government' is itself open to criticism, it contains one of those attacks which were completely successful. It is easy enough to see that Bentham is by no means a fair critic, and that a logician might perhaps devise a defence for some of Blackstone's positions; but it is impossible to read the 'Fragment' without arriving at two conclusions: first, that Blackstone is a lax, not to say an inaccurate, thinker, and next that in Bentham he has met with a controversialist of tenfold his own power. Few are the men who would not have come off second-best in a controversy with Jeremy Bentham when in the full vigor of his youth, but assuredly no writer of real talent was likely to suffer a more complete defeat than did Blackstone at the hands of such an antagonist.

It was not, however, the logical weakness of Blackstone's positions which impelled Bentham to assault them. What aroused his indignation was the Commentator's peculiar form of optimism. Bentham was a born reformer. Utilitarianism was to him a living and inspiring faith. From youth to old age he labored at the removal of actual and palpable abuses. He was much more than a mere denouncer of wrong; he was a patentee of devices for the improvement of society. But before his reforms could be adopted it was necessary to convince the world of the need for reformation. Now Blackstone, though a man of benevolence, was by nature and conviction an apologist for and admirer of things as they were. With complete sincerity he held that the British Constitution was not only by far the best of existing polities, but also as nearly perfect as could be any commonwealth. His work is from beginning to end either a eulogy or an apology. He grants that the Constitution or the law may have slight flaws, but they are flaws which, in the eyes of an adorer, either approach to or are the necessary price of beauties. He mitigates even the defects which his judgment disapproves. He has something to say in favor of the scheme which excludes brothers of half blood from inheriting from one another. He dislikes the *peine forte et dure*, but he contrives to make it appear an abuse of little consequence. The ruffian who knocks down his wife is, it is hinted by Blackstone, a man who has an excessive fondness for the Common and a jealous suspicion of the Civil Law. Here we may suspect a vein of grim pleasantry and recall the legend that the 'Commentaries' were always written over a bottle of port. But, however this may be, their author stood right in Bentham's path. "Blackstonism," if one may coin the word, was the sworn foe of "Benthamism," and the whole tribe of Benthamites strove, not in vain, to discredit a writer who embodied all the prejudices which delayed the triumph of the Utilitarian creed.

Utilitarianism has done its work—which, be it added, was both a necessary and a noble work—and Benthamism has ceased to be a living force. Its influence has, for the time at least, been destroyed by enthusiasts for the historical method. But the decline in the authority of Benthamism has not revived the fame of Blackstone, for the historical school of thinkers have looked unfavorably upon Blackstone. They have done very scanty justice to the skill with which he has blended the history of law with the exposition of legal doctrines, and they have noted with extreme severity historical misconceptions which were rather the common mistakes of Blackstone's generation than his own peculiar errors. It cannot, of course, be disputed that, if tested by a high standard, he will be often found deficient in historical knowledge or insight. He is deeply impressed with the close connection between English institutions and feudalism; but feudalism is to him a mere name for barbarism, just as Romanism and the authority of the Pope are in his eyes nothing but names for superstition and priestly arrogance. His historical views or conjectures are often at fault. He knows that the landholders of England swore allegiance to William at his great court at Salisbury, but he misunderstands the whole effect of the ceremony, and uses language which suggests that the Conqueror introduced the feudal system into England at the very moment when William prevented the full development in England of the feudal system.

Blackstone, again, has studied with care the history of copyholds, but the Blackstonian theory of the origin of the manor has been pronounced by later investigators to be untenable; and all that can be said in its defence is, that the rival theories which have been propounded in more recent times are also open to grave objections. He is convinced that the English Constitution, as it existed in his own time, is the result of "a gradual restoration of that ancient constitution, whereof our Saxon forefathers had been unjustly deprived, partly by the policy, and partly by the force, of the Norman." No view of English progress could, it must be admitted, be more opposed to the facts of history; but before we condemn Blackstone too severely, we ought to remember that this faith in what has been termed retrogressive progress has been cherished as a pious belief by one of the most distinguished of English historians. Under the influence of Montesquieu he is too apt to look upon the English Constitution as a fabric designed and built up by the wisdom of our ancestors. It is here we touch upon Blackstone's weakness. He is a true son of the eighteenth century. He judges the past by the sentiments or principles of his own day, and exhibits an unhistorical attitude of mind. Hence he in no way anticipates the reaction in favor of mediæval institutions and mediæval modes of thought. He therefore never alludes to the Middle Ages without using language which grates upon the feelings of writers imbued with the sentimental mediævalism of the nineteenth century. They are far less offended by Blackstone's definite historical errors, many of which are, after all, very venial, than by his general tone of mind.

He was an old Whig, or, in other words, a strong Conservative of the time of George the Third. He was detestable to Bentham because he did not share the enthusiasm for reform which was the religion of the eighteenth century. He can hardly obtain toleration from the modern devotees of the historical method because he was imbued with the principles and the prejudices of the eighteenth and not of the nineteenth century. Whoever will weigh carefully the words in which Blackstone concludes his 'Commentaries,' will understand why it is that he has never received full justice at the hands of the reformers of his own time or of the historians of to-day:

"Of a constitution," he writes, "so wisely contrived, so strongly raised, and so highly finished, it is hard to speak with that praise which is justly and severely its due: the thorough and attentive contemplation of it will furnish its best panegyric. It hath been the endeavour of these commentaries, however the execution may have succeeded, to examine its solid foundations, to mark out its extensive plan, to explain the use and distribution of its parts, and, from the harmonious concurrence of those several

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parts, to demonstrate the elegant proportion of the whole. We have taken occasion to admire at every turn the noble monuments of ancient simplicity, and the more curious refinements of modern art. Nor have its faults been concealed from view—for faults it has—lest we should be tempted to think it of more than human structure; defects, chiefly arising from the decays of time, or the rage of unskilful improvements in later ages. To sustain, to repair, to beautify this noble pile, is a charge entrusted principally to the nobility, and such gentlemen of the kingdom as are delegated by their country to Parliament. The protection of THE LIBERTY OF BRITAIN is a duty which they owe to themselves, who enjoy it; to their ancestors, who transmitted it down; and to their posterity, who will claim at their hands this, the best birthright and noblest inheritance of mankind."

YELLOWSTONE PARK IN 1897.

September, 1897.

Capt. Anderson, who was Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park from 1891 to 1896, pointed out in his last report to the Secretary of the Interior that the total number of persons who visited the Park in 1895 was only 2,588. He attributed this to financial depression, the tendency of Americans to spend their summers in Europe, their general ignorance as to the wonders of their own country, and also, in part, to the long railroad journeys necessary to reach them. The present Superintendent, Col. Young, will be able to note a great improvement in the tourist business for 1897. About 9,000 sightseers were taken through the Park this season. Many of these, it is true, were Christian Endeavorers, and others who availed themselves of the cheap rates offered all travellers to the Pacific Coast and back in July and August. There were so many of these that at one time the agents had to stop selling Park tickets for ten days because the stages and hotels had all they could possibly attend to. Yet the officials believe that this Pacific Coast excursion does not account for all the increase, and that the travel through the Park will continue to be much larger than heretofore. Having spent the last three weeks in the Park, long after all the Christian Endeavorers and others had passed through it, I have come to the same conclusion. Favored by fine weather, the travel remained large to the last days, many of the belated tourists being eminent Englishmen—among them Lord Lister and Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson)—from the meeting of the British Association at Toronto; and to judge by their comments, they will help to popularize our wonderland abroad.

No one desires to make a Coney Island of the Yellowstone Park, yet there is no reason why it should not be seen by 50,000 or even 100,000 tourists every summer. Capt. Anderson overlooked the main reason why the Park travel has increased so slowly; namely, the disposition of the transportation and hotel companies to arrange matters to suit themselves instead of to suit the tourists. The situation has been, and is to this day, positively amazing, not to say outrageous. When an educated person hears the name Yellowstone, what image arises in his mind? The picture of a geyser, in every case. True, the Park is famed also for its beautifully colored Grand Cañon, its picturesque lake at an altitude of 7,741 feet, its extensive forests, high mountains, and numerous trout-brooks; but there are trout-brooks as good, forests much finer, mountains much grander, lakes quite as picturesque, elsewhere, while the Yellowstone Cañon, though unique in its coloring, has only one-third the depth of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona, and is correspondingly inferior in sublimity. But in its geysers the Park has an attraction in which only two countries in the whole world—Iceland and New Zealand—compete with it, without equalling it. It is to see these geysers in particular that ninety-nine out of a hundred tourists visit the Park; yet, by the present arrangement, they are exceptionally lucky if they catch a glimpse of the finest of them, and many go home in consequence disappointed of their main object. Let me explain how the matter is managed at present.

In the Upper Basin there are about thirty superb geysers, all differing from each other in appearance and the manner of their eruption. It is to see these geysers that the tourists—supposing they live at the East—have come two thousand miles, have expended hundreds of dollars since leaving home, and have undertaken a five days' dusty stage ride. And having got there, what arrangements do they find for seeing them? A large hotel, with comfortable rooms, overlooking the whole Basin so that they can watch for an eruption and hasten down to see it close by—a hotel where they can spend a day or two, or a week, so as to make sure of enjoying the wonderful phenomena they have come so far to see? That is what every uninformed person would *expect* to find there. But what is there in reality? A small wooden shanty in which a poor lunch is served, while as for rooms, not one is to be had for love or money. But where do the tourists stay while they remain to admire the geysers? Stay? Foolish question! They do not stay at all. The stage gives them four or five hours, during which a hurried guide takes them hurriedly across the Basin, and if some of the geysers happen to play while they are being "done," the tourists are lucky. And after this short visit, part of which is given up to the aforesaid lunch, the tourists are hurried—on, of course? Oh no! Back ten miles to the Fountain Hotel, and next morning they have to get up at six and for the third time traverse those ten miles between the Lower and Upper Basins! And all this time the geysers they came so far to see may be playing merrily, unseen.

To be perfectly fair, it must be said that the transportation company is not to blame for this state of affairs. Indeed, it would be only too glad to dispense with two of the three trips between the two Basins. The hotel company is the culprit. A number of years ago it had a building at the Upper Basin, which was burnt down as soon as completed and has not been rebuilt. Why? Heaven only knows. The managers say their business has not been sufficiently profitable to allow the rebuilding of that hotel. But why were funds available for the fine buildings at the Lake and the Fountain—the Fountain, in particular, which, if things were properly arranged, would be a mere lunch station? Why not tear down the Fountain Hotel and rebuild it at the Upper Basin? Something must be done soon. Congress ought to compel the company to build that hotel. It would be the company's gain as well as the tourists'. At present many of the latter are disappointed, declare that the geysers (which they have not seen) are a fraud and a delusion, and on returning advise their friends to avoid the Park. I heard not a few comments of that sort during the three days I spent at the Upper Basin. Until the hotel company desists from its penny-wise policy, the public should patronize the opposition company. I did not know until I arrived at Livingston that there has been, for two years, a new way of traversing the Park, by the same route, but upon an entirely different and much more rational plan. Mr. Wylie of Bozeman has secured permission to erect permanent camps at various places in the Park, and to take tourists through on his own wagons. He has large tents, divided into compartments and equipped with stoves for cold nights. The food is plain but good, in the "home-made" style. Mr. Wylie charges $5 a day for transportation, lodging, and meals, and instead of rushing tourists through, as the stages do, in five days and a half, he gives seven days to the trip, allowing two nights at the Upper Basin and two at the Grand Cañon. Tourists who prefer the comforts of a hotel may still make use of Wylie's camp at the Upper Basin, where they may stay as long as they please, taking their chances of being carried on to the next station by the other company, though these chances are not as good as they might be.

The provoking capriciousness of the geysers may be inferred from the fact that the Grand, as the corporal on guard informed me, had not played from July 2 to September 2, whereas in the week we were there it played four or five times. It seems, unfortunately, that the biggest ones (always excepting Old Faithful) are becoming more and more capricious and indolent. The prevalent theory is that they have been injured by being secretly "soaped"—that is, by having soap thrown into the cones to bring on an eruption. This soaping is strictly forbidden, and rightly so, as it cannot be well to have any substance thrown into a geyser. I have, however, noticed a curious circumstance, which seems to have escaped the attention of the experts, as a more plausible explanation of the apparent misbehavior of the big geysers. Right by the side of the Bee Hive there is a new geyser, only a few years old. It is called the Cascade, because its waters overflow directly into the river, forming a cascade in their descent over the bank. It is a pretty sight, but it does not atone for the quiescent Bee Hive from which, I believe, it takes away its ammunition—its steam and water—by its eruptions, which occur every twenty minutes. In the same way, the Splendid has ceased to play since the formation, by its side, of the Daisy, which plays every two hours. The Giant, Grant, and others seem to be similarly drained by recent formations adjoining them and acting as safety-valves. Geologists use centuries as yard-sticks where we use years, and they discountenance the idea that the Yellowstone geysers will cease to gush in the not very distant future. Mr. Arnold Hague could find no diminution in the intensity of their action since they have been subject to careful observation. I have myself, however, noted some changes at Mammoth Hot Springs and the Upper Basin in the interval of ten years since last I was there; and in an apparently sober description of that basin written in 1842 ('Life in the Rocky Mountains') occur expressions like "loud explosions and sulphurous vapors," "tremendous noises," "hollow, unearthly rumbling under the rock on which I stood," which indicate

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more violent action half a century ago than can now be witnessed.

If the geysers are decreasing in grandeur, there is the more reason why arrangements should be made at once to have these wonders as accessible as possible. A steam railway would be an atrocity: it would endanger the forests and frighten away the game; but an electric trolley would not be open to the same objections. The power could be secured cheaply and invisibly from the falls and rapids; it would do away with dust and discomfort, and it would enable tourists to devote one-fourth of their week in the Park to travel and three-fourths to sight-seeing, instead of three-fourths of the time to travel and only one-fourth to sight-seeing, as at present. Capt. Runcie of San Francisco, who has lately made the tour of the Park with Col. Young, estimates that an electric road would cost between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. As the expenses for annual repairs would be heavy too, owing to winter storms and snow pressure, it is not likely that our embarrassed Government could be induced to build such a road. But private capitalists have offered to assume the risk, and I see no reason why they should not be allowed to do so. An electric car could make the whole circuit of the Park (about 150 miles) in seven or eight hours; visitors, therefore, could spend a week there, with only an hour of daily travel. It must be distinctly understood that the great sights of the Park are separated by wearisome stretches of commonplace scenery which nobody would ever visit for their own sake—chiefly dense forests, not of large, noble healthy firs and pines, as in Oregon and California, but of puny, starved trees, thin as lead pencils, and looking as if afflicted with some skin disease; the disagreeable impression being heightened by the dense tangle of dead and fallen trunks at their roots. They are extremely useful as conservators of the vast river-system arising among the Park mountains, since they retard evaporation by several weeks; but scenically, they need distance to lend enchantment to the view. Capt. Chittenden says in his book on the Yellowstone Park that in 1892 a vote was obtained from the tourists of that season as to the desirability of having an electric road through the Park, and that "the result was a majority of more than five to one against it." He does not state who took the census and who those tourists were.

One thing that struck me on my trip through the Park was that there seems to be a regular conspiracy against the Lake Hotel. Yet I found that hotel by far the best of all, more commodious, tasteful, and homelike than any of the others, and the meals fifty per cent. better, though the source of supplies is the same for all. We remained in it eight days, and daily blessed the manager, the caterer, the cook, and the very attentive waiter girls, so superior to the colored waiters at most of the other hotels. For literary work I know no place equal to it in America, except the Californian Lake Tahoe. The tourists who allow themselves to be persuaded that it is not worth while to take in the lake make a great mistake. The stage company saves a day by taking them from the Fountain Hotel direct to the Cañon Hotel, but the tourists lose some of the finest sights in the Park. There is not in all the Americas a more picturesque lake than the Yellowstone, especially in the evening, when the setting sun illumines the fine mountain ranges that surround it. Capt. Waters, too, gives you a chance to sail across this lake, at an elevation a thousand feet higher than the top of Mount Washington, from the bay called the Thumb across to the admirable Lake Hotel, stopping on the way at Dot Island, where the Captain keeps for the entertainment of his passengers some elk, antelope, mountain sheep, and five superb buffaloes.

As everybody knows, the Yellowstone Park was reserved not only as a scenic wonderland, but with the intention of making it a grand historic game preserve where America's characteristic fauna might be saved from utter extermination. It is only within a few years, however, that a serious attempt has been made to enforce the law. For a time the keepers were practically in league with the poachers, and Col. Young has come to the conclusion that it is not enough to enforce the law, but that additional legislation is imperatively needed if the game is to be effectively preserved. The present forest reserve, east and south of the Park proper, is so only by Presidential proclamation, and an act of Congress is needed before the superintendent has the power to punish properly those who disobey his ordinances. Nor is this enough. The Colonel is convinced that the southern boundary of the Park should be extended down to Jackson's Lake and the Three Tetons. That region is a favorite autumn resort of the Park animals, and dozens of camping parties go there in September and slaughter them by wholesale. It is useless to stop up a leak in a bucket on one side if you allow the water to escape on the other. The State of Wyoming would probably not object to this enlargement of the Park, because it will make it a real breeding-place, the overflow of which will in future restock that State. Ten miles more or less is a mere bagatelle to a giant State like Wyoming. The Park is as big as the State of Connecticut, yet it seems but a microscopic corner of Wyoming.

Col. Young has been lately promoted, and, in the due course of military events, he should join his regiment. It is to be sincerely hoped, however, that a way may be found to preserve him to the Park. He is just the man needed there. Of course he has made enemies by strictly enforcing laws that had heretofore generally been current on paper only; but such enemies are a compliment to him. "Every one," he remarked to me one day, "agrees that the laws are all right, but he fancies *he* ought to be an exception to the rule. For instance, I allow no dogs to run loose on the Park roads, because they scare away the wild animals which visitors are eager to see. Campers have been in the habit of putting their dogs in a wagon on passing a guard-house, and letting them run as soon as out of sight. I ordered a few of these dogs to be shot, and that had a salutary effect. I allow no exceptions whatever. Another day one of my highest officers came to me and asked to have his horse released. It had been taken in because, contrary to law, it had been turned loose to graze. I informed the officer that he could have his horse as soon as he had paid the fine, adding that I did not turn loose *my* horses." From others I have heard similar stories about the Colonel, and they have convinced me that he is the right man in the right place.

Since dogs were suppressed in the Park, tourists have had ample opportunity to see deer, coyotes, squirrels, birds, and other animals along the roads and near the stations. The most interesting illustration of the rapidity with which wild animals can be tamed when firearms are banished is afforded by the scene that can be witnessed at the Fountain Hotel every evening. It is customary there at six P. M. to dump the kitchen garbage at a place a hundred yards behind the hotel. The bears soon found it out, and every evening from half a dozen to a dozen (once there were sixteen) now come down from the woods for their supper. There they are—black bears, a few cinnamons, occasionally even a grizzly—quietly munching the bones and fruit peelings, while a dozen or two of the hotel guests look on ten yards away. One soon gets used to the scene; some men feed the bears apples out of the hand, and we ourselves adapted our habits so soon to the situation that when we met a bear in the woods afterward we paid no more attention to him than if he had been a dog. In reality these bears are harmless animals, unless wantonly provoked. Col. Young has come to the conclusion that the coyotes ought to be thinned out, as they have begun hunting deer in packs. The bears, too, he thinks are getting superabundant, and he advocates catching some and distributing them to museums. He has made a beginning by sending a dozen cubs—with some pelicans, squirrels, geese, porcupines, etc.—to Washington.

Col. Young has also been obliged to forbid fishing in some parts of the Park, for the benefit of future visitors, as the sport is not as good as it used to be. Eastern readers find it difficult to believe the story that there is a place here where you can catch a trout in the lake and cook it in a hot spring without taking it off the hook or changing your position. I have known Europeans who simply refuse to believe this tale. Yet, as a matter of sober fact, there are at least a dozen such places in the Park. Several of them are at the Upper Geyser Basin, along the Firehole River. At one of these, just above the lower foot-bridge, you can not only cook a trout, but cook him in three ways—steam him, boil him in the water, or bake him on the hot rocks.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Correspondence.

JUDGE PARKER AND THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your criticism on the action of the county committee of the National Democratic party in endorsing the nomination of Judge Parker strikes me as entirely just. As I wrote to one of the party leaders in New York, it seems to me that a consistent voter would really feel more inclined to support a Republican who had voted for Mr. Cleveland and was not ashamed of it, than a Democrat who considered it necessary to come out and assure "my dear Danforth" and the "sincere friends of Mr. Bryan" that he stood by their ticket last fall. If Judge Parker had remained silent, his cause would have been in no way compromised. Frankly, however, it was really not so much the consideration with me that he voted for Mr. Bryan as was the apparent fact that he is

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"chummy" with a man of such shady reputation as he of Madison Square Bank fame.

Beyond these facts the necessity of preserving the autonomy of the party in this state should have had weight with the committee. The National Democratic organization of New York is entitled to no respect if it is not held to be on a much higher plane than that controlled by Messrs. Hill, Danforth, Murphy, Sheehan & Co. Inasmuch as the party holds its position now solely on account of the votes polled for Mr. Wheeler in 1894, when he was nominated as a protest against the candidacy of Hill, it would seem absolutely necessary to keep free from alliance with the people above named.

If the National Democrats should, by fusing, lose their place on the ballot at the election next year, it would mean that there would remain practically no agency through which independent sentiment could be expressed. The present outrageous law placed on the statute-book by Raines, requiring at least fifty signatures in every county in the State in order to make an independent nomination for State officers, would prevent any action by the people, and leave us entirely at the mercy of the corrupt machines controlled respectively by Mr. Platt and Mr. Hill. For this reason it is to be hoped that the "Ship" Democracy will keep in the middle of the road and go ahead, following its own lofty ideals, and avoid combinations with other organizations whose only aim seems to be to secure spoils.—Yours truly,

EDMUND H. TITCHENER.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., October 4, 1897.

OREGON PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am obliged to your Chicago correspondent for his rectification of my doubtless antiquated nomenclature of the Oregon plants mentioned. He may be interested to know that the yellow "bear's-food"—the *Symplocarpus Kamschaticus* of Bongart (*Lysichiton* of Schott, and *Dracontium* of others)—at least in British Columbia and Alaska, when bruised, has a very distinct mephitic odor, though less pungent than that of our Eastern skunk-cabbage. It far exceeds the latter in size; I have measured a single leaf four feet long, two feet wide, and with the leaf-stalk four inches in diameter.—Respectfully yours, W. H. D.

OCTOBER 2, 1897.

"RALLIÉS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your critic (*Nation*, September 30) characterizes my translation of *ralliés* into "Mugwumps" as "well-meant but perverse and misleading." Permit me to say that that translation was furnished to me by a French diplomat, long a resident of America, and as well acquainted with the English-American language and politics as he is with his own. He told me that the word and the thing exactly matched in both countries. He is, also, a friend of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the author of the book in question. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that "Rallié: Mugwump" will prove a valuable addition to the 'Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte' (which title, also, may not be translated literally with impunity!) of your readers. But, nevertheless, I should be glad to listen to argument from the other side.—Very truly yours,

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

NEW YORK, October 4, 1897.

[The word is some four years old in its cant application, and was originally applied to the body of voters, not quite homogeneous but mainly Catholic, who had previously been irreconcilably opposed to the republican form of government in France, but who were at last led to abandon their opposition to it and accept it as definitive. The Pope was thought to have been influential in this "rallying" to the republic of its former enemies; and if he were to exercise the same influence in Italy and release the consciences of King Humbert's Catholic subjects who are held to abstinence from politics by the injunction, "Nè elettori nè eletti" (so long as the Pope is deprived of his temporal sovereignty), there would be added to the electorate not a mass of independents, of Mugwumps, surely, but of Catholic partisan voters seeking to promote the cause of religion and the papacy as best they might under the Savoy monarchy, accepted as legitimate and final.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co.'s autumn announcements include 'The Liberty and Free Soil Parties in the Northwest,' by Theodore C. Smith, Ph.D., and 'A Bibliography of British Municipal History,' by Charles Gross, Ph.D.—new volumes in the Harvard Historical Series; 'The Life of Stonewall Jackson,' by Lieut.-Col. G. F. Henderson, York and Lancashire Regiment, in two volumes; the fourth and concluding volume of Dr. Liddon's 'Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.'; 'The Life of Chauncy Maples, D.D., Bishop of Likoma (British Central Africa),' by his sister, Ellen Maples; 'Drake and the Tudor Navy,' by Julian Corbett; the second volume of Gardiner's 'History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate'; further volumes in the "Builders of Great Britain" series; a select "Library of Historical Novels and Romances," edited by Lawrence Gomme, and arranged chronologically according to sovereigns, each with an introduction; 'The Water of the Wondrous Isles,' a prose romance by William Morris; 'Suffolk Tales and Other Stories,' by the late Camilla Gurdon; 'Early Italian Love Stories,' edited and retold by Una Taylor; 'The Diary of Master William Silence: A Study of Shakspere and of Elizabethan Sport,' by the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin; 'The Queen's Hounds, and Stag-Hunting Recollections,' by Lord Ribbesdale, Master of the Buckhounds, 1892-'95; 'Racing and Chasing,' by Alfred E. T. Watson; 'A Book of Dreams and Ghosts,' 'The Pink Fairy Book,' and 'Wordsworth'—first of a new series of selections from the poets—by Andrew Lang; an entirely new edition of 'The Spectator,' in eight volumes, crown octavo, edited by George A. Aitken; 'Rameau's Nephew,' from the French of Diderot, by Sylvia Margaret Hill; 'Rampolli,' translations, new and old, from the German by George Macdonald; the first volume of a 'History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution,' by John Beattie Crozier; 'The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic,' by Prof. W. Lutoslawski of the University of Kazan; 'Teaching and Organization,' with special reference to secondary schools; and 'Parables for School and Home,' brief readings in applied morals, by Wendell P. Garrison, with pictorial illustrations.

Harper & Bros. will shortly publish 'The Personal Equation,' essays chiefly in literary criticism, by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia University.

A Life of Prof. Henry Drummond, by George Adam Smith, will bear the imprint of the Doubleday, McClure Co.

Thomas Whittaker announces 'Potters, their Arts and Crafts,' by John C. L. Sparkes of the South Kensington Museum, and Walter Gandy.

The American Book Co. will publish 'A New Astronomy for Beginners,' by Prof. David P. Todd of Amherst.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in press 'Stories from Italy,' by Miss G. S. Godkin, and 'A Little House in Pimlico,' tales for children by Miss Marguerite Bouvet.

'Buddhism and its Christian Critics,' by Dr. Paul Carus, will be issued next month by the Open Court Publishing Co.

The Catholic Art Publishing Co. of Philadelphia has in press 'Angels of the Battlefield,' a history of the labors of the Catholic sisterhoods in our late civil war.

Cary's translation of the 'Divine Comedy,' first issued in 1812, has held its own with remarkable success in both England and America. Here it has been published at least three times, as early as 1822 and as late as 1889, and there have been many reprintings of these editions. The continued popularity of the version has led Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. to provide a new edition of it, prepared by Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns. Included with it is Rossetti's translation of the 'New Life,' which has also recently appeared in two American editions. Prof. Kuhns contributes a short introduction to the volume and a new set of notes to the 'Divine Comedy.' Rossetti's notes are retained, though others are added. Prof. Norton's translation of the 'New Life' excepted, Rossetti's is that best known, and Cary's version of the 'Divine Comedy,' whatever may be its defects, remains the easiest of all to understand. The reprint, therefore, is likely to meet with some measure of popular favor, particularly as it is illustrated and as Prof. Kuhns's introduction and notes, though not impeccable, are interesting and sensible. An ideal popular commentary, indeed, for students of the poem could be made by combining Prof. Kuhns's plan with that of Longfellow—that is, by adding to simple comments on difficult passages a whole set of delightful and enlightening extracts from contemporary historians and chroniclers.

Hopelessly commonplace is 'The Age of Milton,' by the Rev. J. H. B. Masterman (Macmillan), to which is prefixed a rather aimless introduction by Mr. J. Bass Mullinger. The volume can hardly be said to be up to the comparatively easy standard of its three predecessors in the same series. It lacks quality and illumination; its style is without order and grace; its literary criticism, while cautious and generally orthodox,

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is marred by frequent touches of banality; and it shows very little of that power of generalizing its subject so necessary for a primer or handbook which aspires to be anything more than a mere list of names and biographical facts and bibliographical memoranda. We have noticed errata which injure the trustworthiness of the work as a schoolbook or book of reference at pages 35, 81, 111, 127, 128, 129, 146, 160, 212, and 214.

'A First Book in Writing English,' by E. H. Lewis (Macmillan), deserves notice, among recent contributions to the renascent art of the teaching of English prose composition, for its careful attention to the practical and pedagogic aspects of the subject. If the writing of English is to be taught as an art, the teaching and practice of it must not be deferred until too late in the student's course. It requires skill, however, and felicity of choice to eliminate the rhetorical abstractions and the dogmatisms from the more advanced text-books, and to present to the student in the secondary grades the heart of the matter in simple, practical, and yet attractive form. This, we think, Dr. Lewis has fairly succeeded in doing.

As a guide-book to the senior university of the English-speaking world, Mr. Wells's charmingly illustrated little book on 'Oxford and its Colleges' (London: Methuen) deserves a word of hearty commendation. Its method is mainly historical: a succinct account of the buildings of the various institutions described is followed by a sketch of their history and a mention of the celebrities that issued (or in some cases were propelled) from them. Needless to say, Mr. Wells's scholarship is excellent; he is thoroughly at home with his ground and his authorities, and generally succeeds in conveying a pleasing impression while skilfully keeping clear of sore points. And yet he not infrequently succeeds in gratifying his own and his readers' sense of humor in his selections from the storied past, and altogether manages to infuse into his tale not a little of the fascination of his theme. It is interesting to note (p. 301) how in the end the sense of the poverty of modern Oxford conquers its pride, and extorts from Mr. Wells an allusion to the deathless fame which Oxford has the power to bestow upon a generous emulator of the noble benefactors of the past.

The little war in Lombock of two years ago is described in 'With the Dutch in the East,' by Capt. Ccol (London: Luzac & Co.). The author has written for his countrymen an impartial account of events with which they are in the main familiar, and which excited them much at the time, being to them thrilling as well as important. The object of the translation is less evident, for the work has not sufficient literary merit to make it easy reading. It is prolix, full of overwhelmingly long Malay names, and its artless rhetoric provokes a smile in the stranger unwarmed by the glow of Dutch patriotism. Still, the long chapter on "Our Knowledge of the Country and its People" contains a good deal of information, and the one about "The Attack" on the Dutch quarters at night is even exciting. The invading army, which was divided up at the time, narrowly escaped annihilation, and the impression left on the reader is that gross incompetency was shown—an impression not entirely effaced by the later successful operations; indeed, the author's own criticisms, however mildly expressed, point to the same conclusion. The translation is smooth, though occasionally ungrammatical, and marred by a tiresome misuse of the present tense.

The geology of Java forms the subject of a sumptuous report in French by R. D. M. Verbeek and R. Fennema, published at Amsterdam by the Dutch Government. A general description of the island is succeeded by an account of the geology of each of its twenty-two divisions or residences, including the neighboring island of Madura. A special feature of the work is a memoir on the fossil foraminifera of Dutch India, with eleven lithographic plates. There are numerous illustrations, and a superb atlas containing a geological map in twenty-six sheets, as well as more than twenty additional maps.

In 'Les Origines de la Monnaie considérées au point de vue économique et historique' (Paris: Firmin-Didot), M. Ernest Babelon, curator of the department of coins in the Bibliothèque Nationale, traces with adequate knowledge and with admirable clearness the actual development of money by the spontaneous action of individuals seeking each to better his own industrial situation. No plainer refutation will be found of the pernicious notions that money originated in human convention, legal or extra-legal, and that its purchasing power depends on a law of legal tender, than that which M. Babelon has given; and his refutation is not the less effective because he advances little theory of his own, but simply so marshals his facts that the candid reader is forced, as it were against his will, to the same conclusions which the author has reached. M. Babelon's book will be welcome to all readers who appreciate the superiority of an historical treatment to an a-priori treatment of the subject of money.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have specimen numbers of the artist monographs ('Künstler-Monographien') for some time in course of publication by the resourceful Leipzig house of Velhagen & Klasing. The text of these thin, profusely illustrated octavos in limp bindings proceeds from several hands; but the editor, H. Knackfuss, is the author of three of the five before us, viz., Rubens, with 122 illustrations, Hans Holbein the Younger, with 151, and Franz Hals, with 40. Ernst Steinmann treats of Botticelli, with the aid of 90 illustrations, including those for Dante's 'Divine Comedy' and the newly discovered "Pallas and Centaur." Perhaps the most famous book-illustrator of Germany, Chodowiecki, falls to Ludwig Kaemmerer, who can display no fewer than 204 examples of the often tiny vignettes of this masterly delineator of contemporary manners. The Holbein and the Botticelli offer the greatest pictorial interest, but in all these cases it is a great boon to have such extensive memoranda of the work of the artist commemorated. An index to each monograph would have been an added boon; but only in the Botticelli is there so much as a table of the paintings described. The moderate price, two to three marks apiece, would still bear, we think, the cost of a key to the contents.

"Certain Aboriginal Mounds of the Georgia Coast" is the title of a memoir by Clarence B. Moore in the latest number of the *Journal* of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. It is the result of an examination of more than fifty mounds between Fairview, Camden County, and Skidaway Island, Chatham County. The construction of the mounds, the human remains contained in them, together with the utensils and implements of copper, stone, shell, or earthernware, are minutely described. Evidences of both incineration and inhumation were found. Cremated remains were placed in cinerary urns, and large clay jars were used for the burial of infants and sometimes of adults. A peculiar custom, common in Florida, was observed to some extent in Georgia. The bottoms of vessels in which the dead were placed were perforated, either at the time of manufacture or afterwards. Skeletons were most frequently found with the knees and chin drawn well together. The author's conclusions are that the Georgia mounds are "relics of a race ill supplied with stone, almost without copper, but given to the manufacture of earthenware." The race differed from the aborigines of Florida in their methods of mound building and in their mortuary customs, practising cremation to a much greater extent.

The *Geographical Journal* for September opens with an account, by Col. J. K. Trotter, of an expedition to the source of the Niger by the French and English commission for determining the boundary between French Guinea and Sierra Leone. It is illustrated by reproductions of photographs and a map. In the continuation of his paper on sub-oceanic changes, Prof. Milne treats mainly of the curious testimony to these changes by the telegraph cables. Among the pictures of fractured cables is one showing a cable grown round with coral. Other articles are upon the physiographical features of the Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika districts, the Roman roads of Morocco, and Mr. Keltie's presidential address before the geographical section of the British Association. In it he dwells upon the future work of geographers, which consists not only in exploring the still unknown parts of the earth, but also in the study of oceanography, and the relations between man and his geographical environment. Capt. Cleeve contributes an interesting *"aide-mémoire* to a comparison of certain geographical distances." Taking as a unit the distance from Land's End to Shetland Islands, 750 miles, he shows it to be a remarkable standard of measurement by a table of some hundred instances selected from all parts of the world.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September contains, in addition to the address of Mr. Keltie, a very interesting account of the investigations of Dr. Nüesch on the prehistoric remains at Schweizersbild, near Schaffhausen, by Prof. James Geikie. There is something very touching in the description of the Neolithic interments discovered, ten of which were children. "The great care with which the graves have been constructed, and the presence of the ornaments and other valuable objects [shells and finely finished flint implements] placed beside his dead little ones, show how strong was Neolithic man's family affection. The new-born infants were laid each within the right arm of its mother, while with the left arm stretched across her breast the latter seemed to hold the little one fast."

M. Eugène Ritter, whose work on the youth of J. J. Rousseau was reviewed in these columns last year, publishes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 1 some further researches on the history of

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that ever problematic character. New light is thrown on the relations between Rousseau and M. de Montaigu, the French Ambassador at Venice, so harshly treated in the 'Confessions' for his dilatoriness in paying his secretary's salary. The latter was not let into the secret of the financial difficulties in which his superior found himself in consequence of the maladministration of public affairs under Louis XV. Thérèse Le Vasseur, it appears from M. Ritter's pages, did not deserve all the contempt which has been heaped upon her by many writers; her ignorance and illiteracy, however, were astonishing. To point out estimable traits, hitherto not sufficiently noticed, in Rousseau's character, as M. Ritter is able to do, must be especially gratifying. The article deserves to be read by those desirous to do justice to the memory of Jean Jacques and to understand more fully the causes of his influence.

Dr. Hans Reusch, Director of the Geological Survey of Norway, has been appointed for the year 1897-'98 to the Sturgis Hooper professorship of geology at Harvard University, this position having been vacant since the death of Prof. J. D. Whitney a year ago. Prof. Reusch will lecture during the first half-year on vulcanism and eruptive rocks, earthquakes, and movements of the earth's crust. In the second half-year he will treat of the geology of Northern Europe and its relation to general geology. The third meeting of each week will be given to seminary work. In the spring, Prof. Reusch proposes to take part with the other instructors of the geological department in practical study in the field.

—The Boston committee in charge of the Shaw monument wind up their trust in an elegant volume detailing the inception, completion, and unveiling (1865-1897) of the memorial (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Nothing could better typify the transition period—far from being yet ended—from oppression to justice than the speeches of Major Higginson, Prof. William James, and Booker Washington. Major Higginson has to apologize to Southern susceptibilities for his historical retrospect, and wofully to misrepresent the abolitionists, the subsoil—or, rather, considering his parentage—the very soil out of which Col. Shaw grew. Prof. James speaks in the humane and elevated tone of the national conscience on the subject of slavery, and does not omit to point out the civic evils that have flowed from a just war. Finally, Booker Washington, on behalf of his color—emancipated, but socially ostracised, both North and South—shows in brief but well-chosen words the incompleteness of the edifice erected on the ruins of slavery, the lack of "the full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner and all that this [Shaw] monument stands for"; the duty also of completing it, and the mode in which the freedmen are to enforce their manhood claims by moral and intellectual training. As we close the volume, news comes that the School Board of Alton, Ill., is forcibly excluding colored children from the common schools—even those named after Lovejoy and Lincoln. Shades of the martyrs!

—In a very neat little volume, with illustrations, Mrs. Fairchild has printed a limited edition of the Journals of John Linklaen, agent of the Holland Land Company, describing his travels in Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont in 1791 and 1792. The blunt and unimaginative voyager notes down in the simplest manner whatever meets his eye, and the result is very readable, and of interest as a rough presentation of the times. His special interest was shown for the maple-sugar industry in Pennsylvania. The industry was primitive, for, in place of the extensive works, buildings, and workmen he expected to see, he found a ruined hut, barely accessible because of the brambles, a couple of "chaldrons" and some other scattered utensils, but no workers. Five gallons of sap was required to make one pound of sugar. While noting the occurrence of the "mapple" tree, he was not blind to other economic features. The lie and quality of the land, the price per acre, and the yield of wheat and maize, the plans of new roads or proposed canals, and the ownership of the land were of interest, as the region through which he passed was held in large parcels and as speculative ventures. This did not prevent squatters "who have come to settle themselves with no other rights than those of nature." The inchoate condition of the country is well shown by the difficulties of travel—"mud up to the horses' belly"—which effectually prevented any trading of goods.

—Apart from the religious communities encountered, Linklaen met other social curiosities. The Oneida Indians were on a reservation, and carefully protected by law from any contracts with the white settlers. "Tilling the earth is burdensome to them, so that often they allow Americans to settle on & work their lands provided they give them 1-3 or half the yield. Even their grist-mill is managed on this footing by an American." There he heard the "universal Friend," a woman from Rhode Island, who claimed to be an apostle of Christ, but he found her to deal in "a quantity of vain words without sense or reason." The general impression made by these notes is that wood-life at that time was one of great deprivation and almost wretchedness. It is well to have such an unvarnished record of the curiously mixed life in these new settlements. One detail needs explanation. In expressing values Mrs. Fairchild has used the symbol for the apothecary's ounce. As a rule it stands alone with the figure, but on p. 74 we find it intercalated between "2-6" and "sterling." It is reasonable to suppose it is only a shilling mark, and in this we are confirmed by an entry on p. 116. The note to Mr. Root on p. 74 is clearly wrong, for the local money is used unless the name of another State is added. This was the universal practice at that time.

—At the recent Congress of Orientalists in Paris M. Salomon Reinach read a paper upon the representation of female nudity in Mediterranean prehistoric art. The general subject of early undraped statues of women is one to which M. Reinach has given much time and study. About two years ago he read before the Académie des Inscriptions, and afterwards published in the *Revue Archéologique*, what may fairly be called a convincing paper, disproving the generally received theory that nudity in classic art is ultimately derived from a Babylonian source, the image of the goddess Istar. There was no nude divinity in the Babylonian pantheon. When Istar appears as a goddess, she is represented clothed and in armor; when she is disrobed, it is for her humiliation, her descent into hell. On the other hand, there have been found in the Archipelago and at Troy, dating from about 1200 B. C., statuettes of nude women, and one was also found in a tumulus in Thrace. Similar figures of life-size existed at the same period in the Greek islands, and some of these may have been carried off by a Babylonian conqueror and so have become objects of worship. It was, then, according to M. Reinach, from prehistoric Greece that the type of nude divinities passed into Babylonia, coming back centuries later through Phœnicia to historic Greece, and so to Rome. In his paper before the Orientalists M. Reinach brought new support to his theories from the art found in the caverns of the south of France, which is of the same type as that of the borders of the Archipelago. An instance that is at once quite new and highly corroborative was brought forward by M. Reinach in the very curious statuette discovered ten years ago in a grotto of Mentone, and acquired in 1895 by the Museum of Saint-Germain. This figurine appears to date from the end of the palæolithic period—that is, perhaps some 6,000 years before the Christian era. The statuette was shown to the meeting by M. Reinach. The *Débats* describes it as being "aux formes bizarres, aux saillies exagérées," and adds, with a certain conscious or unconscious humor, "c'est une œuvre réaliste, d'un art tout spontané."

—Michelangelo literature, already so voluminous, is on the point of receiving a considerable addition. Michelangelo's own letters have already been given to the world; they are to be supplemented by a collection of about eight hundred letters written to him which have been kept among the archives of the Casa Buonarroti in the via Ghibellina in Florence. The Casa Buonarroti belonged to Michelangelo (although he never lived in it), and remained in the possession of his heirs until the year 1858. In 1620 the house was put in order and decorated, and became a sort of museum of sketches and casts, drawings, plans, and autographs of the master, to which his family added from time to time such letters addressed to him as they could find or procure. By a will dated June 11, 1856, the last descendant of Michelangelo, the Count Cosimo Buonarroti, bequeathed the building and its contents to the city of Florence, and a corporation was formed to take charge of it. This corporation has administered its charge so well that the Casa has been from the very first self-supporting. In the will of Count Cosimo Buonarroti there were several hampering restrictions, the most annoying of which was one that forbade the publication of any of the manuscripts or other papers which the house contained. For a number of years these restrictions were observed; the first breach that was made in them occurring in Gothi's Life of Michelangelo, published in Florence in 1875, at the time of the celebration of the quadricentenary anniversary of the great man's birth. In this volume appeared some letters of his correspondents, and at a little later date Milanesi published thirty-six letters written to Michelangelo by Sebastian del Piombo between the years 1520 and 1533. The two scholars made no mystery of the fact that the originals of these letters were in the archives of the Casa. Others have followed them, but, in all, hardly more than sixty letters have so far appeared. The corporation has now swept all restrictions

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aside, and the whole eight hundred letters are to be printed. The learned Commendatore G. Biagi, head of the Laurentian Library, is charged with their publication. The letters cover the period between the years 1506 and 1564, and their writers are many and of the most widely separated conditions in life, down to the humble *scalpellini*. Michelangelo counted many *scalpellini* among his friends, and it is said that these letters will throw much light on the social condition of this interesting class of men.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Christian: A Story. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co.

The Martian. By George Du Maurier. Harper & Brothers.

Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co.

The Secret of Saint Florel. By John Berwick. Macmillan Co.

Constantine. By George Horton. Chicago: Way & Williams.

Susan's Escort and Others. By Edward Everett Hale. Harper & Brothers.

The White Hecatomb, and Other Stories. By William Charles Scully. Henry Holt & Co.

Love & Company (Limited). By John Wernberny and Another. J. Selwin Tait & Co.

Arnaud's Masterpiece: A Romance of the Pyrenees. By Walter Cranston Larned. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Since the fashion set in for using a problem in morals as the heart of a romantic legend, Mr. Hall Caine has been one of our most effective novelists. For the development of moral conflict leading to a sombre or terrible catastrophe, correct instinct has led him to choose rather primitive, simple people, in whom an excess of emotion over reason is probable and not discreditable. Such people move naturally through a drama which takes the full romantic license in action and sentiment, with only enough restraint to escape the absurdity and sentimentality of melodrama. Perhaps the escape from the worst dangers which beset an excitable, imaginative temperament, applied to the discussion in prose fiction of the soul's temptations, has been due more to the sincerity and passion thrown into the strife, and to Mr. Caine's intuition for phases and fine shades, than to the very slight technical restraints.

In his latest novel, 'The Christian,' the ever-threatening calamity has overtaken him. He has tackled a problem in morals which affects the whole world, not exclusively a small group of Manxmen, and the problem is greater than he is, even as the world is bigger than the Isle of Man. The subject, instead of lending itself willingly to the romantic, dramatic method, stands aside, rigid, unmalleable, refusing absolutely to be dragged or driven into harmony. The majesty of the redemption of the world declines association with scene, situation, climax, and silently contrasts its true self with Mr. Caine's artificial and violent presentation.

In one of those explanatory notes through which authors try to deliver readers from the consequences of their natural-born stupidity, Mr. Caine says: "In presenting the thought which is the motive of 'The Christian' my desire has been to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose, which I think I see in the life of England and America." By the imperfect light of our own wits we take the thought to be that the world is far gone in sin, particularly in the sin of lust, and is in sore need of a redeemer. A just inference from the book, and one sustained by the title, is that Mr. Caine has desired to do more than record observations, and has wished to denounce sin and to depict the character of a redeemer, despised and rejected of men, through the medium of a readable novel which may be converted into an actable play. It was said of old that we cannot serve God and Mammon, and Mr. Caine's experiment offers no reason for a reversal of that judgment. But, putting aside a perhaps base suspicion, and looking for reasons of failure more particular than a disparity between the man and the work, the motive and the method, the most conspicuous are the conception of the character of a possible redeemer, and the author's predilection in favor of one sort of sinner. For the rôle of redeemer it would be hard for a person not a novelist to think of any one less fitted than John Storm. He is not supposed to be a primitive person, picturesquely governed by emotion, but a man of good birth, wide education and travel, prompted to devote himself to Christ by observation of universal injustice to and oppression of the weak by the strong. It is fair to assume that such a man would possess an intellect to be used for guidance, but John Storm rarely displays a glimmer of reason. He has no singleness or stability of purpose. The command, "Know thyself," is, by reason of his mindlessness, nothing but a stumbling-block. He has no sense of personal responsibility, for he refers his actions, good or bad, to the influence of God or the Devil. He pursues a mad career to a miserable end, never quite sure that he has really been blown about like thistle-down by passion for a woman; passion taking base forms, jealous, suspicious, insulting to its object. Whatever he does, whether he enters a monastery or leaves it, throws himself into a furious crusade against lust, drink, and hypocrisy, or spends weeks in solitary prayer and penance, the inspiring motive is always the young woman with the great mimetic talent and awful name—Glory Quayle.

In his relations with Glory, he is conspicuously lacking in the first of Christian virtues—charity. His best thought of her is that she is an adorable, though frivolous, worldling, and his worst (which is also his commonest), that she is the mistress of an amiable and rich young man named Drake. When her genuine love for him proves inadequate to his demand that she shall follow him to his London slums, he never thinks of compromise, going away from London and leading a decent, quiet, Christian life in a country parish, but proposes that she shall dedicate herself to lepers, to whom, on hearing of Father Damien's death, he at once feels that he is consecrated, and has a right to expect her coöperation. Bitterly disappointed by her rejection of this inhuman proposal, he rushes back to the monastery, previously abandoned, and takes the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Afterwards he tries to kill her, but kisses her instead, and ends by marrying her, literally with his last breath. Storm may represent one of the kinds of culture which Mr. Caine thinks he sees, but it is not a kind which it is possible to admire or respect, or even greatly to sympathize with; it is not a kind of which a possible Christ or even a sincere and useful Christian is made. His failure to achieve any kind of good is not the failure of a great nature misunderstood, scorned and persecuted by those whom he loved and would have saved. John Storm failed because he never knew exactly what he wanted or how to take it, and because he was irresolute and violent and passionately prejudiced; because, in fact, he was almost always in the wrong.

The career of Glory Quayle makes a theatrically effective contrast to John Storm's, and is reminiscent of many careers described by unpretentious, frivolous novelists. She is a nice enough girl, with a shockingly artificial epistolary style, but for which and an easy-going tolerance of wicked lords and their vulgar mistresses, she would be nicer. Her long patience with Storm's harshness and insults, her passionate pity for his delusions and belief in his goodness, and her final renunciation of all for him are not exaggerated testimony to the strength of an affection sown in childhood and blossoming in the wonderful beauty of a first love. If it were not for that last thrilling scene in the slums with the dying Christian and the great actress for centre, the clergyman to the right, the Prime Minister waving a license from Lambeth to the left, and a background of bedraggled female ruffians, one could imagine Glory permanently forsaking the stage and devoting herself to the tedium of good works; but her eagerness for this climax betokens a theatrical instinct too vigorous to be buried in the graves of a dozen lovers.

Mr. Caine's treatment of the sin of the world is a deplorable exhibition of sentimentality, and his criticism of institutions such as hospitals and the Anglican Church is harshly censorious. Apparently the only sinners worthy of tenderness and charity are prostitutes. This view, of course, narrows any scheme of redemption, and is unimpressive; but it gives great opportunity for violent rhetoric, and is sure of applause from the gallery. The most serious aspect of the sentimental treatment of seduction and prostitution is that it is more likely to increase than to diminish their practice. All women are not doves any more than all men are birds of prey. The social law which makes unchastity a shame for the woman only is unjust and oppressive, but, like most rigorous social laws, its roots are deep down in human nature, and it restrains rather than encourages immorality. No wailing of hysterical humanitarians or rhetoric of sentimental novelists will ever cast the burden of shame on men, but these methods may undermine the sense of shame instinctive in women of all classes, and thus set stronger instincts free for unrestrained indulgence. Girls like Polly Love, for whom our sympathy is urgently invited, and of whom there are at least several in every community, can never be saved or reformed by being told that they are irresponsible victims of man's depravity, but this is an excellent way to encourage the vanity and frivolity which make them the easy victims of the Lord Robert Ures prowling about to devour. If Mr. Caine has a sincere desire to help both men and women to abstain from sins of the flesh, the road he must take is dull

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and tedious and discouraging; an obscure and silent road, where electric light shineth not and the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal are never heard.

The three books written by Mr. Du Maurier have so many points of likeness that reading or thinking about one recalls vividly the one before and the one before that. The passion for physical beauty never ebbs; the view of men and manners continues frank, gay, and tolerant, and the imagination hovers about the incredible—particularly about successive incarnations of the soul and magnetic influence. In each the author is the most conspicuous character, and draws himself with an untrammelled vivacity which leaves little to speculation or future biographers. Of the three 'Peter Ibbetson' is the best story, and has the most literary value—using that phrase to mean the closest adherence to a central idea, coherent form, and a style that in many passages has the refinement and repose of all literature that becomes classic. In 'Trilby' the story is feeble, of secondary importance, the form correspondingly loose, and the style the freest that ever skipped with a smile and a wink into the formal kingdom of letters—a spontaneous, colloquial, volatile style, making every one intimate with one of the kindest, cleverest, and wittiest of men. One cannot imagine gloom so deep as to prove impenetrable by that buoyant, diverting spirit, and insensible to that happy manner. We cannot be grateful enough to the man who, at a time when novels were harder and drearier than the existence of any one mortal could ever be and continue, gave us such a fillip as 'Trilby.'

As an expression of Du Maurier's lovable nature, 'The Martian' is a supplement to 'Trilby.' We learn a little that is new about his feelings and experiences, and we feel all the old charm over again. Though we may not believe in the incomparable beauty, virtues, talents, and graces of Barty, Leah, and all the galaxy, we know that he believed, and our delight in him is unimpaired. As fiction is a representative art, it must make us believe, or fall short of good. Many people found a difficulty in accepting Trilby as a real girl, living, or ever having lived. Her praise was too ecstatically chanted and there were glaring discrepancies. The laudation of Barty, Leah, and the rest is riotous, too superlative; it excites suspicion, criticism, scepticism; its insistence and iteration bore us. Our imperfection perhaps resents so much perfection. The Lady from Mars, whose magnetic influence made Josselin "the greatest literary genius this century has produced," is purely fantastic. She is not a perfect invention, like the dream situation in 'Peter Ibbetson.' Her presence and performance are much remoter from the actual and possible than is Svengali, with his magnetism and magic. Her account of herself is a wild, unconvincing fabrication, and there is even a farcical suggestion in her trick of making Barty "feel the North." Putting this trick, reminiscent of Captain Cuttle, together with the lively ironies of her letters and personal narrative, one suspects that Du Maurier wrote her up for his own amusement, caring little whether she and her doings should appear probable or not.

He was not, thank Heaven! a serious novelist. He served no apprenticeship, and in none of his books, except the first, is there the slightest indication of his having paid any attention to the conventions or technicalities of novel-writing. Therefore the way to enjoy his books without any "ifs" or "buts" is to forget that they are called novels, and to regard them as descriptions of a most interesting life and as wonderfully expressive revelations of a man of happy outlook, whose sympathies were as wide as was his exceptional power of observation, and who gave unstintingly his heart and head and hand for the pleasure of us all.

Mr. Conan Doyle's Uncle Bernac is an irreproachable villain. His skin is of the texture and tint of parchment; his expression sinister, his coat snuff-colored. He speaks in sibilant whispers menacing as a serpent's hiss, and is always on the winning side. A participator in the vilest crimes of the French Revolution, he chased into exile a noble family, with which he was closely connected by marriage, taking to himself the confiscated estates and revenues. When it came to pass that every man's fortune depended on Napoleon's, none was more devoted to the risen star than Uncle Bernac. Mr. Doyle deals with him as the Emperor's spy, a traitor and coward; a miserable, degraded wretch, who deservedly comes to a bad end. The adventure which introduces young Louis de Laval to his delectable uncle makes a spirited opening—so spirited that the subsequent adventures are dull by contrast. Louis has not enough dash for a hero, but is a modest young man, whose good judgment shines in the reflection that Napoleon is the most interesting figure of this memoir. Napoleon stands very solidly on his feet. By a careful combination of fact and legend and by a clever selection of scenes, Mr. Doyle has contrived a lively and comprehensible picture of a character made up of contradictions and extremes, great and trivial, worshipful and detestable, sublime and ridiculous, always above or below common men. The vitality and compression of this sketch of the awful Boney imply careful preparatory study and display great literary skill. Beside it the tale of Louis de Laval's love and Uncle Bernac's iniquities is a flat, perfunctory performance.

It is to be hoped that the author of the 'Secret of Saint Florel' means never to write another tale of mystery and adventure. Painful beyond endurance, and futile without hope, would be his effort to find any first-rate mystery or horror which he has not already used for all it is worth. Spendthrift, too, of scene as of incident, the Arctic Circle alone remains to him, for the awful occurrences leading up to this secret exhaust the tropics and the temperate zones. The whole wide range of human character is, however, still at his service, for, with his superabundance of more immediately striking material, he has wisely held his psychic observations and theories severely in reserve.

Descriptions of the beauty of the Isles of Greece and of the ways not exclusively beautiful of their modern inhabitants make the most readable chapters of 'Constantine.' The figure of Constantine, wronged and defrauded from his birth, driven to madness by injustice and betrayal, is rather a tragic conception, but the author has not the power to keep up to such a high mark. He shows to more advantage in common characters and ordinary incidents; his domestic scenes, quarrels, reconciliations, and the every-day family intercourse being done with unusual point and truth.

In the rather curious preface to his volume of tales, Dr. Hale enters a plea of justification for the practice of telling stories which may appear to be true. He says that there are critics who hold that an author is successful only when no one can imagine his stories to be true. He does not like or approve of these critics. Yet his first tale, "Susan's Escort," and several others in the volume, are nothing if not sops thrown with intent to placate. They are quite triumphantly improbable, and base indeed are these critics should they fail to proclaim Dr. Hale as another Barty Josselin among authors. To the critics who do not make a canon of improbability, the merit of Dr. Hale's work, including this volume, is in the healthy moral tone, the practical energy and common sense, the word of good cheer aptly and heartily spoken to humble, obscure pilgrims on the monotonous by-ways of life. His success in America comes largely from his habit of addressing the American people, not the English or any other nation, in their own language, which is not exactly English, but (we hasten to say) not inferior to English or any other as a medium for the communication of ideas. He does not speak down to any class or up to any, but is always imperturbably on a level with all. He is one of the last of a band of American writers spiritually attached to the idea of human equality; and so long as his stories express that spirit, and are read and liked because of its presence, the opinion of critics of form and word makes very little difference.

'The White Hecatomb, and Other Stories' are as well and carefully written as the author's earlier volume, entitled 'Kafir Stories.' Among South African savages and Boers the horrible with hideous accessories is probably very much in evidence. Mr. Scully seems to find it without any trouble, and though he lifts it sometimes to tragedy, the sordid and squalid atmosphere will not vanish at his bidding. In following the passions and actions of savages black and dirty, with unpronounceable names beginning with two consonants, the point of satiety is soon reached. About the middle of the volume there is a sketch entitled "Derelicts." The reason for its being just there is not plain, since it has nothing to do with negroes, Boers, or Malays. Its subject is extremely painful, and none of the pain is spared in the treatment. The Derelicts and their madness of sorrow eat and drink and sleep with you and refuse to be banished for many days, so nothing need be said about the writer's force and power.

Several times the experiment of writing a story in collaboration has been tried by men and women. The little tale entitled 'Love & Company (Limited)' is a pleasant and successful venture of that sort. The compact made in the beginning is a situation so full of peril of sensuality or vulgarity that the authors' management of it is a quite surprising exhibition of good taste. The only indiscretion is Miss Morris's mistaking Mr. Horton's feet for the massive legs of her ancestral mahogany and persisting in the mistake through a long dinner. As this episode and the emotions of the participators are described with perfect gravity, there is a deficiency in the sense of humor, not otherwise conspicuous, and also a momentary yielding to temptations which had best be sternly resisted in the interest of polite letters. The man's and the woman's point of view are clearly distinguishable throughout, the style neat and befitting-

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ly light, and the manner noticeably good-tempered and well-bred.

'Arnaud's Masterpiece' is more a succession of pictures than a coherent romance. The majesty of mountains, the freshness and fragrance of forests, the splendor of poppy fields, are more vividly present to the author than are human passion either of love and gratification, or of love and renunciation. The young monk and the outlawed Cagots and the beautiful Angela are like the figures of indifferent landscapes, mistakenly believed to add interest to the scene. There is much more effort, hard, conscientious work put into the people and incidents than into the descriptions of scene, but the heart and soul have disdained guidance and thrown themselves into the adoration of external beauty.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITY.

The Indian Village Community, . . . chiefly on the basis of the Revenue-Settlement Records and District Manuals. By B. H. Baden-Powell, M.A., C.I.E. Longmans, Green & Co.

It may seriously be questioned whether "the comparative method," which our fathers were so proud of having first applied to the history of society, has done more good than harm. It has helped to lift history out of mere antiquarianism; it has led to the formulation of sweeping generalizations, which have appeared to bring masses of tedious facts under easy control of the scientific imagination; it has helped to bridge over the chasm between "science" and the studies concerned with human society by facilitating the utterance of the current shibboleth of "evolution." But it is now becoming apparent that some of these generalizations were of the kind that the academic slang of the English Cambridge calls "hasty." They are now being, of necessity, either abandoned or profoundly modified; but meantime they have done a world of mischief. Men have, consciously or unconsciously, gone out for more than a generation to seek new illustrations for conclusions already assumed; they have often had eyes only for what, consciously or unconsciously, they wanted to see; and it has not been altogether a gain that has given us, in the place of the plodding and unspeculative scholar, the brilliant and pseudo-scientific essayist.

One amusing, were it not irritating, result of the recent confidence in certain results of the comparative method we are reminded of by Mr. Baden-Powell's welcome book on India. This is the way in which, as soon as a generalization, covering all the peoples of the earth, or perhaps only the "Aryan" peoples, begins to be called in question in its application to one particular people, there is a tendency to overbear criticism by an appeal to what it is alleged has been proved elsewhere. That, in apparently similar sequences of phenomena, a gap in one series should be provisionally supplied from another; that language which is obscure in the documents of one people should be interpreted by its significance (when it is clearly the same formulas that appear) in the documents of another—this is all very proper. But to be of any value, the appeal should be from the dubious to the certain; when it is from the dubious to the equally dubious, it is only waste of time. Yet there has been something like this in some of the recent discussions concerning the origin of property in land. It was taught pretty generally until quite recently that all peoples, or at any rate all Aryan peoples, had gone through a stage in which the "ownership" of the soil was vested in a village community. This idea was probably of German origin and originally applied to Germany only. Then the generalization was extended to England and, about the same time, to the vast area of Hindustan. A decade or so of popularization followed. When by and by the critical process began, and doubts were raised as to whether the proposition was true in its bearing upon England, nothing was more natural than to refer the inquirer to the example of Germany. Was it its truth as to Germany that was next called in question, the sceptic could be referred to India. And it was not long before in India itself the critics of the theory there were referred back—by those, of course, who had not followed the course of the discussion in Europe—to what was still regarded as ascertained fact with regard to Germany. So that actually four years after the appearance of his own magnificent work, 'The Land Systems of British India,' which ought to have placed the whole discussion on a new footing, Mr. Baden-Powell is obliged to recognize that some of his readers will "be disposed to regard the Indian case as necessarily concluded by a general verdict on the European evidence as to archaic common ownership of land"; and it is with the air of one who asks a favor that he "submits that,—under the circumstances of doubt that exist as to the European phenomena, the Indian case may with advantage be dealt with on its own merits" (p. 5).

For more than twenty years almost all those who in Europe or America have had occasion, in the course of their study of the history of institutions, to pay any attention to the Indian village, have had recourse to Sir Henry Maine's 'Village Communities in the East and West'; while observers in India itself, called upon, in the course of their official duty, to draw up an account of conditions immediately before them, have been apt to see them through the spectacles of the same book. But Maine's work owed much of its authority to the reputation gained by its predecessor, 'Ancient Law,' to which it is in truth far inferior; his own range of observation had been curiously limited; and since his time there has been a vast accumulation of fresh evidence in the way of government gazetteers and Settlement records, which makes it absolutely impossible any longer to be satisfied with "the abstract and unified conception of the village" suggested by his writings. Mr. Baden-Powell has done us the great service, in the substantial volume closely packed with matter now before us, to bring all this material together. He attempts, and that with no small success, to disentangle its main results and dovetail them into one another, with a perception of their value which is the result at once of his own Indian experience and of his acquaintance with recent English discussion.

By far the larger part of the volume is taken up with an exposition of existing conditions of land-tenure and land cultivation, and of the geographical and ethnological considerations which have to be taken into account. He points out that there are two very different forms of village-tenure at present in existence. In the one, known as the *Raiyatwari* village, the land-owners are themselves cultivators, and own their land each in severalty; so that "the group of holdings in no sense forms a proprietary unit." This form is characteristic of more than two-thirds of India. In the other, called by the author the *joint* or *shared* village, there is something which may in a sense be called a common ownership; but this common ownership is that of a "landlord estate"—"the growth of some individual overlordship, or some settlement of conquering clans or expansion of families with their own notions of equal rights" among themselves, "and of superiority to inferior races," who have usually been allowed to continue as rent-paying cultivators of the soil. He then shows that the Raiyatwari form prevails in those parts of India which have been least affected by invasion. Finally, after an elaborate examination of the remnants of tribal organization still to be found in the Punjaub and other provinces, he sets forth tentatively his own conclusions. These are that "the right to land grows out of two ideas; one being that a special claim arises to any object, or to a plot of land, by virtue of the labor and skill expended in making it useful or profitable; the other, that a claim arises from conquest or superior might" (p. 400). Of these the first, if we are to call anything "primitive," would seem best to deserve that title. All the evidence of early law and of the actual practice of "aboriginal" races leads to the conclusion that "the early tribesman, under sanction of custom, appropriated his field or his share of the tribal land, as he would appropriate a tree to make a canoe or a plough." This claim or appropriation was perfectly compatible with the existence of a certain tribal control, or better (for it was rather a division of a tribe that held together than a tribe itself) of a certain control by the *clan*, both as against those within and those without. Neither the vague sense of clan-right nor the stronger sense of individual appropriation can be termed "property" without creating misapprehensions. Left to itself, however, the development ran steadily in the direction of what we can call individual property, as seen to-day in the Raiyatwari village; unless above the body of originally owning cultivators was imposed, by some one of the score of ways in which such things took place in India, a landlord or group of landlords claiming superiority of race. And in that case a body of non-cultivating joint proprietors might make its appearance, usually as the result of certain customs regarding *family* property. In no case does the self-governing village group of cultivating owners of Maine's hypothesis make its appearance as a distinct stage in agrarian history.

The discussion cannot be regarded as closed. We are still only at the beginning of our analysis of the tribe and the clan; and the lesson of past controversies is that we should not be in a hurry to suppose we know just what "tribal conditions" were or are. In the overwhelming mass of particulars brought together by Mr. Baden-Powell from provinces so far apart as Mysore and Cashmir, Assam and Sindh, there is abundant opportunity for differences of interpretation. It is perhaps ungrateful to say that there is still room for a statement from Mr. Baden-Powell's pen of the larger results of his studies, set forth in untechnical language, for the benefit of the general

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reader. His volumes are fruitful in instruction to all who will take a little trouble; still, they present a severe aspect. But nothing can lessen our admiration for his learning, his thoroughness, his caution, and his intellectual candor. The book is a very considerable achievement.

A History of Our Own Times, from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1897.

Mr. McCarthy's first two volumes appeared in 1878. His object in writing them, as explained in his present preface, was to supply the "young student" with something he could not elsewhere get. Now that the book has been completed by bringing it down to the current year, its chief distinction undoubtedly is that there is no other work of the sort covering the same ground. It is a convenient book of reference for any one who wants to get a rapid résumé of an incident or episode, a brief account of a career, or a party struggle, as one might get it more laboriously from the newspapers of the day; but more than this we cannot say. Mr. McCarthy is not so much an historian as a ready writer, who has a reporter's gift for seizing upon the striking features of what is going on, and a turn for narration which the young student will be apt to value more than the old one. It would, indeed, be apparent without the preface that the author had had a youthful audience in mind throughout. His history, especially in this volume, reads sometimes like the story told by the good grandfather, after his retirement from active life, to the young folks at home. It is good for the young to hear it, and they may derive much profit from it, but we do not generally call it history. The volume is an uneven piece of workmanship. Of course there are chapters in which any mature man will find something to interest him, but we cannot help being irritated by a tone which continually suggests that, had the author made up his mind at the outset to write a Child's History of the Reign of Queen Victoria, we should have had a better book.

Occasionally Mr. McCarthy's method of treatment produces the effect of positive inaccuracy; as, for instance, in his account of the Venezuela dispute, in which he makes Canning urge the Monroe Doctrine on Monroe as a means of preventing "the fallen dynasties" of Europe from establishing themselves "on the shores of either America," and makes the Doctrine itself simply a declaration "that the United States could not regard with approval any attempt on the part of a foreign Power to set up a monarchy on American soil against the wish of the people who occupied that part of the country." We doubt if this would be accepted by any Monroe Doctrine publicist. We never heard that the Doctrine was directed specially against "fallen" European dynasties, and the implication that a local vote would authorize the establishment of a foreign monarchy on American soil contrary to our wishes, could commend it to no true patriot. The only safe plan is to quote the Doctrine. Still, the author gives us the general drift of the dispute, and we know of no subject on which more excuses may be made for a slight lapse from accuracy.

Another defect which the grown-up reader will notice, although, for purposes of reference, it adds to the value of the book, is the extraordinary importance attached by the author to what we may call the necrological side of history. We have not counted to see how many of the pages are taken up with what a journalist would call "obituaries," but it is a considerable part of the book. Chapter v. is called "On Fame's Eternal Beadroll" (the titles of the chapters are more adapted to a work of fiction than to a history), and contains critical notices of George Eliot, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Hampton, Carlyle, Dean Stanley, Archbishop McHale, George Borrow, J. H. Burton, Trelawney, Grenville Murray, James Spedding, Mrs. C. S. Hall, W. R. Greg, Edward Miall, E. A. Sothern, and Disraeli. Chapter xiv. is called "Only a Death Roll," and it is twenty-six pages long. Chapter xx., "Death—and Dynamite," ushers another batch of distinguished men to the shades; but this method of disposing of the *dramatis personæ* of history sadly interferes with the march of events. No doubt such biographical notices help us to understand the times, but masses of post-mortem notices, arranged one after another without any connection with the rest of the book, cannot but suggest to the reader a biographical dictionary.

One peculiarity the book has which is not common in works of this sort. As a general rule the historian endeavors to efface himself, and tell his story so that the reader shall seem to hear only the voice of History herself. If we want to know about Gibbon, or Macaulay, or Motley, we must seek for knowledge elsewhere than in the 'Decline and Fall,' the 'History of England,' or the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' In fact, in reading these works the reader's curiosity is greatly aroused to know more of the author. In Mr. McCarthy's case, on the contrary, the author puts himself with such naïve good-will into his pages that at the end we know quite as much about him as about the history, and are quite satisfied on the point as to which so many historians leave us curious. We would undertake to prove by the internal evidence afforded by this volume that the author is of a most excellent, but somewhat superficial disposition, sympathetic, humane, averse to domineering imposition of his will or his opinions upon others, and absolutely devoid of originality. He tells us his opinion of others' opinions in such a way as to let us see that he has few of his own, except on one point, that of Ireland's nationality, and even this seems to be rather a feeling or sentiment than a belief. He has acted with a party, and with a faction inside that party, for so long a time that, if he ever had the germs of original power, they have withered and shrivelled up for want of use. History is to him really a tale or drama which he personifies as a struggle between the Liberal party, or party of progress, and the Tories, or party of reaction; everything that happens is an episode in this struggle, and the struggle itself chiefly important, at least in these latter days, as bearing on the Irish question, the real nature and position of which Mr. McCarthy seems quite incompetent to describe except as a sort of tale of wrong and liberation. If the reader can find out from Mr. McCarthy, for instance, what the author means by "Home Rule," it is more than we have been able to do. There is a great deal, too, about land-law reform, but there is no clear account anywhere of what it has accomplished.

Much of the reign of Queen Victoria has been a great party struggle for freedom; the whole of it, considered as a narrative, is full of entertainment, but we fear that even admirers must admit that in this last volume the capacities of the story have often been injured in the treatment. The best things in it are the accounts of the Bradlaugh episode, the Gladstone-Austria imbroglio, and the description of the career of the leader of the "Fourth Party," though whether Mr. McCarthy does not attribute to Lord Randolph Churchill a too serious quality, we are much inclined to doubt. It is a pity that the author, in preserving one of his jokes, should not have mentioned what eminent pair of statesmen Lord Randolph had the hardihood to call "Marshall and Snelgrove."

Art and Life, and the Building and Decoration of Cities: A Series of Lectures by Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, delivered at the Fifth Exhibition of the Society in 1896. London: Rivington, Percival & Co. 1897.

This new volume by members of the society whose long name appears in the title consists of five lectures, and therein differs markedly from its predecessor of 1893, in which a large number of short papers were bound up. It differs also from that volume in not having a long preface by William Morris. He has gone, and it does not yet appear who will replace him as the admitted chief of the Association. The first address begins with praise of Morris which must seem to many extravagant, as it is certainly unbounded. The word "great" used in the largest sense, as it is here, and the statement that Morris was "too great to criticise, to judge," would be so extravagant as to destroy any respect we might otherwise feel for the author of this address but for the fact that Morris had died on the opening day of the exhibition, October 3, 1896, and that such a circumstance as this might well excuse the undue enthusiasm.

The first lecture is by T. J. Cobden Sanderson, best known to Americans as a bookbinder who has given minute and delicate handicraft and considerable power of design to the production of costly bindings. His address is an attempt to define and explain Art as orderly and seemly living, moral grandeur, noble individuality, and noble communal existence. The reader is partly prepared, by this, to find the noble intention accepted as the great result; to find little said of works of fine art or of the way they have been brought into being, but much of the fraternal and emotional spirit which fancies more than it can realize. "I imagine," says Mr. Sanderson, "all men to be potentially artists." Those of us who know that the vast majority of men are not artists at all, in the sense that they have not the perceptive faculties nor the power of artistic expression which are needed to make an artist, will set Mr. Sanderson down as an amiable dreamer. And yet he is more than that, as is proved by the admirable remark (p. 7), "Art has its origin in craft, and craft in the needs of life."

The second lecture, "Of Beautiful Cities," is by W. R. Lethaby, one of the two authors of an admirable work on the Church of Sancta Sophia, at Constantinople, and author

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of an extremely useful and sensible book on architectural lead-work, as well as a book less easy to characterize, 'Architecture, Mysticism and Myth,' published in 1892. This lecture, much longer than the first, is largely descriptive. The author's attempt has been to set before the modern reader, accustomed to ugly London, unorganized London, accidental and unadorned London, the beauty of the ancient and the mediæval city, as Athens and Jerusalem, Rome and Constantinople, thirteenth-century Paris and fourteenth-century London. Although this seems a somewhat ancient and time-worn subject for a lecture, and although there are those among our intelligent students of art who think, or who at least say, that the old commonplaces of good advice and sound criticism should be left to slumber, as having been said so often that they have lost their force, there is nevertheless reason enough to supply each new generation with the old advice and the old information, reshaped for the new age. The difficulty of treating in an intelligent way the huge modern city is as great now as it was thirty years ago; for, indeed, the cities and the communities which create them, grow faster than our knowledge of how to handle this terrible problem possibly can.

Walter Crane's paper, "Of the Decoration of Public Buildings," is less important, yet contains interesting hints in the course of description of some modern buildings and some modern mural paintings. Reginald Blomfield, one of the joint authors of that most valuable little book, 'The Formal Garden in England,' gives the fourth address, "Of Public Spaces, Parks and Gardens," and it is full of common sense. It seems that he and Mr. Lethaby must have put their heads together, so neatly does the fourth of these lectures carry on and develop the thoughts offered in the second. What "landscape architecture," as our modern phrase is, can do for cities and towns is extraordinarily well suggested in this really valuable paper. Finally, Halsey Ricardo has treated "Of Color in the Architecture of Cities." Here there is more difficulty, for no living man has seen color used successfully in external architecture in city or in country, and no one can imagine it except as the use of flower gardens may furnish color. Mr. Ricardo seems to perceive that the flower garden is his great chance, and attempts to translate the effect of flower gardens in city squares.

John Checkley; or, The Evolution of Religious Tolerance in Massachusetts. By the Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, D.D. Two vols. Boston. 1897. (The Prince Society.)

It is a distinct misfortune to the cause of literature that the publications of such book clubs as the Prince Society do not more often come out into the open and take the chances of life. As a matter of fact, they too seldom fall under the usual harrow of criticism, and, however great their merit, remain in the seclusion of private hands or on the shelves of a few large institutions. They seem to enjoy the right of asylum rather than the privileges of a tested reputation. Dr. Slafter's 'John Checkley' touches with a scholar's care and with a partisan though not ill-natured severity upon an important phase of New England history; but since his work in no sense enters the lists of literary competition, it may fairly claim the indulgence of an undertaking which does not seek to be weighed on its merits. In all candor, however, there arises a reasonable doubt whether, if the accomplished editor had subjected himself to the requirements of the open market, he would have allowed himself so much freedom and so little restraint and compactness, more particularly in the memoir of his subject.

The "persecution" of John Checkley in Boston during the early twenties of the last century is not a well-remembered incident. Checkley was by birth a New Englander, Oxford-bred, a non-juror, and a devoted propagandist of the Establishment in the colonies. His citadel was a small book-shop just opposite what is now the Old State-house; from this admirable site for any sort of enterprise he projected weapons calculated to hurt, in the shape, mostly, of reprints of forensics by English divines. The heaviest ordnance was Charles Leslie's 'Short and Easy Method with the Deists'; but Checkley did not fail to discharge a few lighter shafts of his own fashioning. For these various assaults upon the bulwarked faith of later Puritanism, Checkley was made to appear at the Court of Sessions, and, on appeal, at the Superior Court of Judicature and Assize. Before a court of which Samuel Sewall was Chief Justice, a protagonist of that black beast Episcopacy was sure to come off worsted, and Checkley was fined £50 for publishing and selling a "false and scandalous libel." Nothing could have been more strict than the adherence of the prosecution to the observance of law, but the spirit of liberty was on Checkley's side and not on theirs, and he, who at the time showed more than anything else a predilection for getting into trouble, remains in memory a martyr to intolerance. Some years later, not without opposition, he received orders in the Church of England, and ended his days as rector of King's Church, now St. John's, in Providence, Rhode Island, ever a haven against intolerance (though some would except the year of our Lord 1897). But with his trial ends the public career of Checkley; at most he was an incident and not an epoch of our earlier days.

It is easier to share Dr. Slafter's unconcealed indignation at Checkley's persecution than to follow his admiration for Checkley's abilities. That the Boston bookseller was persistent and courageous is undeniable; but neither his letters nor his printed remains proclaim him the rich scholar and man of conspicuous parts that his apologist so readily discerns. It is from a modern point of view that Dr. Slafter sees his hero loom so large. The story, however, is a clear illustration of the determination of New England to resist any ecclesiastical encroachments, great or small. There was intolerance, but, as on Checkley's side, there was no want of good courage. Dr. Slafter has discharged a volley at the already well-assailed Puritan, but, as we have not unpleasantly meant to say, from behind the ramparts of the Prince Society. That society's reputation for making a handsome book is again sustained. It is to be noticed, however, that Benjamin Colman's name is given as Coleman, and Peter Thacher's as Thatcher. Perhaps the editor has new light on these familiar names; otherwise such errors are the more to be regretted in a work not subject to revision.

For Dr. Slafter's "Bibliography of the Controversy in America Relating to Episcopacy, 1719-1774," in volume ii., students will have cause to be grateful. The subject, which is to increase in interest, receives an impulse from so excellent an array of titles.

Montaigne, and Other Essays. By Thomas Carlyle. Now first collected. With Foreword by S. R. Crockett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1897.

No one who raises himself out of obscurity and narrow means by the sole use of his pen escapes the experience of hack work. Afterwards, when independence and recognition come, the successful author is glad to forget his incunabula. Dr. Johnson's disinclination to be reminded of his Grub Street performances is notorious, and Carlyle had a poor opinion of his articles in Brewster's 'Encyclopædia.' He never cared to republish them; and Froude's judgment, conveyed in a footnote, was probably a reflection of his master's final feeling on the subject. The sketches in question, he says, "are little more than exercises." A publisher now rises up to dispute this censure by reprinting in collected form some seventeen essays written in 1821, and paid for by those checks of Sir David Brewster which made their way to Ecclefechan in forms suggested by true filial piety. In the face of Carlyle's own adverse criticism it must be the bibliographical instinct which has led to the present adventure, although the concluding words of Mr. Crockett's introduction breathe reverence for the young prophet undisclosed. This early work, having been rescued from the "densely-piled, double-columned débris of the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' may now stand printed plain and fair on any man's shelf who, for the sake of the full-fed herd, loves even these firstlings of the flock." The fate of just oblivion has overtaken other articles of equal or greater merit which were contributed to the same compendium, and we very much doubt whether any one would have thought it worth his pains to unearth such forgotten papers were this not an age that collects postage-stamps and reprints ephemerides with the same typographical care it bestows on masterpieces. But while we are apathetic towards this particular scheme we find difficulty in dismissing Carlyle's early literary efforts, when once they are presented to us, without at least a word of comment.

The author of 'Sartor,' writing in stilted eighteenth-century phrase, presents the spectacle of Pegasus attached to a plough, or, perhaps, more fitly, to a threshing-machine. Contrast the easy action of the steed as he wanders at will through the limpid azure of his own disquisition, with his base mechanical trudge on the moving gangway of the 'Encyclopædia': "The fire-baptized soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated." And over against this a sentence from the 'Encyclopædia' notice of Mungo Park's life: "The evils of an African journey were distant in place, and becoming more distant in time, while the disquietudes of his present situation had the painful quality of presence and reality, and he

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turned from them with disgust to contemplate the more exalted prospects which imagination delighted to picture in the scene of his former adventures." Carlyle struck his own gait in ten years from the time he began to publish. A wider vocabulary and a more etymological use of words are the first signs of difference between him and the ordinary digester of facts. There is no evidence of a special desire to avoid trite expressions or constructions. With the length of his composition prescribed, the youth of twenty-six went through his books of reference, arranged an intelligible abstract, and delivered goods of an expected size and quality. The field being an easy one to work, the essays were turned out with very considerable rapidity.

The subjects are either men or districts. Arranged alphabetically, they extend from M to P; from Montaigne to William Pitt, the Younger. Carlyle was fortunate in having worthies only to portray, and the chief interest of the series springs from its revelation of his attitude towards the Great Man. By itself his constant praise may seem commonplace. Considered in the light of his teaching it is significant. His reputation having suffered somewhat from reaction, we are prone to forget the extent of his contemporary influence. One finds the germ of that stimulating effect he had on young men in his early enthusiasm for Montesquieu, Necker, Nelson, and the Pitts. The article on Nelson ends as follows: "The period is advancing when the naval superiority which he completed will pass away; but Nelson's name will always occupy a section in the history of the world, and be pronounced, wherever it is understood, as that of a Hero."

One requires but a modicum of biographical knowledge to perceive that these notices are incomplete. The modern editor of a good encyclopædia would demand more specialized information than Carlyle then possessed on the majority of his themes. The omission of notable facts and considerations, the misspelling of names, etc., fits in well with the general air of an abridgment. School manuals of literary criticism have a way of comparing Macaulay and Carlyle: The former shows off to advantage if one puts his contributions to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' beside the latter's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.' To be sure, Macaulay wrote for his friend Adam Black in the fulness of his powers, and treated subjects with which he had long been conversant, while Carlyle is at the disadvantage of immaturity and unfavorable circumstances. But regarded intrinsically, there is no comparison. Macaulay's sketches are models of their kind. A forward student in the Harvard Graduate School might hope to equal those of Carlyle. One notes particularly the extent to which his opinions on the French Revolution changed. Under Necker, Nelson, and William Pitt he has occasion to touch upon its principles and personages. Of Necker's decline in popularity after his return from Basel, he says: "With the most earnest desire to act uprightly and honourably, he soon found it impossible to unite an attention to the real interests of the State with the favor of an excited and ignorant mob, perpetually misled by wicked agitators, yet drunk with its new-found power, and indulging the most chimerical expectations from the actual posture of affairs."

We can discover no reasons for the republication of these articles other than sentimental regard for everything that Carlyle did, and the bibliographical desire to present his writings in their entirety.

The Voyage of the Mayflower, Penned and Pictured by Blanche McManus. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. 1897. Pp. viii, 72.

In these days of wide-extended, if often superficial, interest in our colonial beginnings, it is not surprising that effort is made to present our early history with the maximum of external attractiveness. Such a volume, designed, one would suppose, for a fashionable drawing-room table, rather than the shelf of a student of New England history, is the one before us. The author and illustrator declares her purpose to be "that even to those who are interested beyond the limits of these few pages, will be presented a new view of the susceptibility of artistic treatment and *ensemble* of historical briefs relating to any subject likely to prove of general or widespread interest." With the two-fold intent thus indicated, in which we may presume the artistic is the stronger motive, the author's pencil has ornamented a brief narrative of the Pilgrim movement from the flight into Holland to the arrival of the *Charity* at Plymouth in 1624. The sketches which fill the upper third of every page are effectively decorative in black and white, borrowing their motive from suggestions of the text below. To the whole the skill of the printer has given an attractive setting.

The accompanying text is of the slightest, and would scarcely call for comment did not the "Apologia" prefixed speak of it as "terse but authoritative," and claim the volume as not merely "original in its inception," but "correct in fact." Certainly such an assertion is far too pretentious unless reference be had only to the broad general outlines of the familiar story. The author, for instance, in referring to the Pilgrim church, speaks of William Brewster as "ordained their pastor"; certainly his well-known title of "ruling-elder" might have put her on her guard. She represents the Separatists as already fled to Holland in 1575 under Robert Browne—an event which did not take place till 1581. It is surprising to read of the Pilgrims at Leyden that "their church . . . received no further recruits from England and was not increased by proselytes from Holland," when one recalls —to mention no others—how a member of such later distinction as Edward Winslow joined them in 1617. Nor is the author more accurate in reproducing as familiar a series of names as those of the signers of the Compact and of the *Mayflower's* passengers. Besides an indiscriminate application of the then significant title "Mr." to all the signers except three, the more striking because William Bradford is left (in company with John Alden) without such distinction, there are several omissions in the list of emigrants, while Desire Minter masquerades as Winter, John and Francis Billington as Bellwright, and John Turner's son is entered as his wife. A similar want of accuracy leads the author to date the introduction of cattle into Plymouth 1622, rather than 1624; and one queries whether she could have realized the immense amount of labor that would have been involved had the statement been true that the *Mayflower* was "towed over to her anchorage for the winter," *i. e.*, from Provincetown to Plymouth harbor. It is no less surprising to find Peregrine White described as a "daughter to William and Susan White"—a change of sex which a glance at any competent compendium of Pilgrim history would have avoided.

Mercy Warren. By Alice Brown. [Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times.] With Portrait. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book has been called out, in large measure, by the immensely increased interest in past times aroused by the eagerness to join the so-called "patriotic-historical" societies. It is an attempt, enthusiastic and industrious, to bring before us in vivid outline one of the most prominent women of the first generation of American independence—matron, poet, historian, controversialist. The attempt is but partly successful. The lack of materials is admitted. Mrs. Warren's voluminous correspondence ran insatiably into moral and political aphorisms instead of personal incidents, and her biographer confesses that she has laid on the details of the picture pretty thick from her general information about the age. She has to "suppose" and "fancy" a good deal.

Apparently Miss Brown's object is to make the present generation more familiar with their great-grandmothers, and draw away the sort of stiff lustre that surrounds them, like saints in early Tuscan pictures. To effect this object, she writes in a strange style, a sort of cross between Stanley Weyman and a Washington correspondent, alternately gushing over the sentiment in Mrs. Warren's life, and making fun of its quaint solemnities. We are particularly introduced to misplaced capitals and false spellings in her letters, as if we could appreciate her character any better from seeing her MS. printed in a way no printer of her time would have let it pass. As a result, Mrs. Warren appears in these pages not so much in her own character, as the prima donna of a modern play, acted by very modern performers, and enlivened by modern gags.

The biographer seems to have gauged very correctly the value of Mrs. Warren's literary compositions; but these cannot have either their merits or their faults appreciated without a much more thorough knowledge of eighteenth-century writers than this book shows. Pope is mentioned; but no knowledge is betrayed that the lines which Mrs. Warren puts as a prologue on the title-page of "The Group" are taken from one of his best-known satires. Addison's "Cato" is never even mentioned; yet it continued to be a special favorite in American households as long as Mrs. Warren lived, and suggested the name Marcia, which resembled Mercy only by accident. Several times Mrs. Warren is called Mercy Otis Warren. Is there any evidence that this practice of preserving the maiden name existed at all in her lifetime? We have seen John Adams's wife called in modern writing Abigail Smith Adams; but she never wrote her name so herself. In those days, as in England now, a married woman dropped her own name when she took her husband's.

With the Trade Winds. A Jaunt in Venezuela and the West Indies. By Ira Nelson Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

The author of this little volume, whose

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preface describes it as a "desultory account" of his observations during a recent winter tour, is, to judge by the frontispiece, a young man, but he has avoided the fault, common among young observers of men and manners, of being too critical. He sticks throughout to description, and, tracing his footsteps through that part of the region traversed with which we are most familiar, we find him a pleasant, if somewhat immature, travelling companion. There are, as he says in his preface, so few books in English about the northern part of South America that every new one is of interest.

We note one or two points which have struck us. Mr. Morris found the harbor of La Guayra no longer an open roadstead, the great breakwater so long projected having been finally built. He notices that "one of the greatest disadvantages the present government has to contend with is the existence of contracts and agreements entered into by the previous ruler, Guzman Blanco, with various corporations and syndicates, which are thoroughly impracticable." This, however, is a chronic difficulty in Venezuela. Carácas is evidently improving, for our traveller can speak of his "comfortable quarters at the Grand Hotel," and he insists, with Mr. R. H. Davis, on that capital being "the Paris of South America." American interests he declares to be "steadily growing" in Venezuela, but gives no proof. He makes the surprising statement that the people of Venezuela "do not seem to know what we would call a good horse," the fact being that what we call a good horse is of a totally different breed from theirs, and cannot be acclimated, certainly not without great difficulty. His account of the behavior of the señoritas leads to the inference that the habits of South America are changing faster than we supposed. Can it be that they sit in the windows, directly on the street, "arrayed in becoming toilets, observing the passers-by and chatting with their friends"? In our time they were not visible, though they might have been observing the passers-by from behind the shutters. Elsewhere Mr. Morris says that on Thursday evenings, when the band plays in the Plaza, the señoritas "respond to their suitors," "coquettishly wandering in the shadows." He explains this by saying that "North American customs" have been introduced into Carácas; but we believe he has been misled, owing to the fact that Spanish-American customs are in this respect peculiar. Señoritas are to be met with, no doubt, in the Plaza in the evening, because it is a common meeting-place for every one, but the mother or chaperone of the young lady takes pretty good care that she shall not wander off into the shadows. Such at least was the case *consule* Blanco.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. H. Nature's Diary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
American Newspaper Annual, 1897. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son.
Armour, Margaret. The Fall of the Nibelungs. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Boswell, James. The Life of Johnson. [Temple Classics.] Vol. 3. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Cargill, J. F. The Big-Horn Treasure. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Dollivet, Louis. Sale Juif! Paris: A Colin & Cie. Farrow, G. E. The Missing Prince. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Filon, Augustin. The English Stage. London: John Milne; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
George, A. J. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35c.
Hocking, Joseph. The Birthright. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Hume, M. A. S. Philip II. of Spain. Macmillan. 75c.
Hutson, C. W. The Story of Language. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. "Captains Courageous." Century Co. $1.50.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LII. Shearman—Smirke. Macmillan. $3.75.
Macdonald, George. Salted with Fire: A Story of a Minister. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Mathew, Frank. A Child in the Temple. John Lane. $1.
McKay, Angus M. The Brontës: Fact and Fiction. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Monvel, Boutet de. Joan of Arc. Illustrated. Century Co. $3.
Munroe, Kirk. With Crockett and Bowie. Scribners. $1.25.
Nicoll, W. R. James Macdonell, Journalist. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.75.
Oberholtzer, E. P. The New Man. Philadelphia: Levytype Co. $1.
Pearson, H. G. Freshman Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50c.
Penney, W. E. Ballads of Yankee Land. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Robinson, C. H. Lunar Caustic. F. T. Neely. 25c.
Podmore, Frank. Studies in Psychical Research. Putnams. $2.
Sargent, Lieut. H. H. The Campaign of Marengo. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Schouler, Prof. James. Constitutional Studies, State and Federal. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Shelley, H. C. The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns. Putnams. $1.25.
Smith, G. B. The United States. [The Romance of Colonization.] Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Smythe, Alfred. Van Hoff; or, The New Faust. American Publishers Corporation. $1.
Spenser, Edmund. The Faerie Queene. Illustrated. 2 vols. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $15.
Stickney, Albert. State Control of Trade and Commerce by National or State Authority. Baker, Voorhis & Co. $2.25.
Tompkins, Prof. Arnold. The Science of Discourse. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Tyler, Prof. M. C. The Literary History of the American Revolution. Vol. II. 1776-1783. Putnams. $5.
Winternitz, M. The Mantranâtha; or, The Prayer-Book of the Apastambins. [Anecdota Oxoniensia.] Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

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